



Coghlán, Margaret (Moncrieffe)

MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. COGHLAN,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MAJOR MONCRIEFFE:

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

PRIVATELY REPRINTED.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Memoirs were published in London in 1794. In February, 1795, Messrs. T. & J. Swords, of this city, republished them, adding a Preface, and some remarks from a publication entitled "The Female Jockey Club."

The New-York edition is now very rare, and most of the copies known to us are without the preface and remarks.

The following edition has been printed from the author's copy, and, for the convenience of those persons possessing the New-York edition above mentioned, the preface and remarks have been reprinted.

NEW-YORK, *November* 10, 1864.

PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK EDITION.

EVERY heart of sensibility must not only be interested in the welfare of the author of the following Memoirs, but must be considerably affected on a perusal of them, as they pourtray a mind naturally social, amiable and virtuous, struggling against misfortunes originating from the absurd practice of obliging children to sacrifice affection, and consequently happiness, to fordid pelf, or, what is of infinite less value, a titled name. The author's sentiments on this subject, which have been powerfully impressed by woeful experience; her reflections on the inhuman sufferings of unfortunate debtors in prison, which

PREFACE.

which may perhaps, in many instances, be too applicable to her native country ; her exposition of the iniquitous practice of law in England, the jurisprudence of which country America fervilely copies, convince the editor of the utility of a republication of the work in this country. It is to be hoped that the circumstance of her unfortunate marriage will have its due weight, and that those who exercise criticism will not be too severe upon her conduct, but will generously be to her faults a little blind. Her friends will undoubtedly despise the weak prejudices of vulgar minds, so far as respects their connection or alliance with the author. The public advantage has superseded every other consideration with the editor, and he shall exceedingly regret incurring the displeasure of any by republishing these Memoirs.

NEW-YORK, *February*, 1795.

PREFACE.

The following encomiums on the author of these Memoirs have appeared in the "Female Jockey Club," which the publisher of this American edition inserts as a tribute of praise justly due to that nobleness of soul so conspicuous in the writer :—

MRS. COGHLAN.

We have not the least acquaintance with this lady, therefore are ignorant how far her rank entitles her to be admitted into that society of grandees who compose the "Female Jockey Club;" but as literary merit, in the opinion of Lady Lucan, our supreme arbiter of etiquette, forms an exception to the general rule, and yields a right of admission into the grandest circles, we have not hesitated to introduce her; and we will venture boldly to pronounce, if her soul really breathe the sentiments contained in the Memoirs she has published, that she possesses
titles

PREFACE.

titles far superior to any which all the kings in the world have it in their power to bestow; although, at the same time, we are ready to confess, that it is not by promulgating similar doctrines she is to expect that his Majesty will ever make a LADY of her; nor do we believe that they will procure her a passport to the favour and protection she appears so very much to want. We therefore recommend patience under present adversity, and sincerely wish a speedy period to all her afflictions.



MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. COGHLAN,
(Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the British Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,

WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

“And what is friendship but a name,
“A charm that lulls to sleep—
“A shade that follows wealth and fame,
“But leaves the wretch to weep?”— GOLDISM.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR,
And sold by C. and G. KEARSLEY, Fleet-street.

MD.CC.XCIV.

N A M E S
OF THE
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
IN THESE
M E M O I R S.

HIS Majesty,
Louis the XVIth,
Duc d'Orleans,
Comte d'Artois,
Monfieur,
Duc de Montmorenci,
Duc de Pienne,
Marquis de Sillery,
Marquis de Genlis,
Monfieur de Lomprey,
Duc de Fitzjames,
Monfieur Parquet, premier Prefident of the Par-
liament of Paris,
Monfieur de Crofne,
Madame Grey, Superior of the Dominican Con-
vent at Calais,

Madame

Madame Smith,
Madame Lafar,
His Royal Highness the Duke of ———,
His Grace the Duke of Leinster,
Lord Charlemont,
Mr. Grattan,
The Honourable Mr. Fox,
Lord Lauderdale,
Lord Cornwallis,
General Monckton,
General Cornwallis,
General Montgomery,
General Washington,
General Putnam,
General Mifflin,
General Knox,
Sir William Howe,
Lord Howe,
Lord Amherst,
General Gage,
Lord Gage,
Lord Lincoln,
The late Duke of Bolton,
Lord Delawar,
Colonel Etherington,
Major Montresor,
Colonel Small,
Honourable Colonel Grey,
Colonel Banker,
Judge Livingston,

Mr.

Mr. William Livingston,
Colonel Webb,
Duke of Q——y,
Mr. Frederick Jay,
Major Moncrieffe,
Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe,
Alderman Moncrieffe,
Colonel Moncrieffe,
Governor Heron,
Mr. Vining,
Mr. Fazakerley,
Mr. Giffard, of Chillington,
Mr. Coghlan,
Mr. Walker, late Marshal of the King's Bench,
Mr. Jones, the present Marshal,
Mr. Robert Knight,
Mr. Beckett,
Colonel Freemantle,
General Sheriff,
Colonel Kemble,
Prince Louis d'Aremberg,
Lord Hervey,
Mr. B*****,
Sir Charles Gould,
Mr. Chambers, Furnival's Inn,
Mr. ———, Ely Place,
Duke of Northumberland,
Honourable Mrs. Gage,
Mrs. Montrefor,
Mrs. Putnam,

Mrs.

Mrs. Washington,
Sir William Scott,
Lady Blake,
Mr. M—g—y,
Mr. Erskine,
Lord E———,
General D*****,
Sir Robert Harland, Bart.,
Marquis de Bouille.

P R E F A C E .

AMIDST the tempest that now rages in the political world, the cabals of faction and the terrors of revolution, the private sorrows of an individual pass unregarded. The most splendid contributions are raised for support of foreign refugees; loans and benevolences, to an amazing extent, are piously, if not constitutionally, furnished, to supply the wants of our suffering troops; and all the passions inherent in the human breast are awakened and set in motion, to give a pompous display to the humility and meanness of tender-hearted Charity. •

We read of titled individuals bestowing hundreds

dreds in behalf of emigrant Popish Priests, while ONE SOLITARY GUINEA is prefixed to the same names in support of their own countrymen, poor, industrious, famished manufacturers ! *

Our streets swarm with beggars: our looms are deserted;—Poverty every where raises her haggard mien amongst us; at the same time that national treasures are indiscriminately lavished with profusion upon foreigners, and expended in the further prosecution of a most disastrous war; whereby the fund of wretchedness is daily augmented; and the spectacles of misery that torture the sight in all our streets proclaim the fatal consequences it has already produced, and the absolute necessity of putting a period to the evil.

The baneful effects attending this calamity fall principally on the poor and industrious classes of society; they extend themselves even unto myself:

* A subscription now on foot for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers.

self: the luxuries of the great will easily admit of curtailment, but the wants of the poor call aloud for redress. Yet, as the former find themselves in some measure called on to reduce the number of their superfluities from the many claims which the exigency of public affairs has upon them, so are they less disposed to follow the dictates of Charity in relieving the pangs of domestic woe.

There exists another description of the great, who thrive on the misfortunes which the present system creates, without directing a thought to their alleviation: I allude to the vast additional number of contractors, commissaries, pensioners, and human locusts of every kind, preying on the decayed vitals of their country. These men drain immense fortunes from the increase of public burthens, and in every new tax, originates a new place, whereby the scale of influence is alarmingly increased.

Hence princes and their ministers are apt to
delight

delight in war : it furnishes them with a pretext for adding to their military establishments : the splendor of the throne shines brighter, and they conceive that they enjoy a more perfect state of security, from the immense armies they retain in their pay.

Wretched, however, is the prince who refts his hope on fuch foundation : the NORTHERN DESPOTS of Europe can have no other basis than military force, on which to depend for the preservation of their tyranny ; but the KING of a FREE country should look to other principles : he should depend for the preservation of HIS power on the peace, happiness, choice, and affections of an united people.

While the bulk of a nation is distressed, a virtuous prince can never enjoy a moment's content ; he cannot depart from his threshold, that he does not meet some object of calamity, to strew thorns in his way. He must reflect on the enormous
salary

salary that he himself receives, the magnificence and waste by which he is surrounded, while so many forlorn wretches are perishing through want of the smallest part of those superfluities daily consumed within his own palace.

The writer of the following sheets, nursed in the lap of tenderest Indulgence, sprung from a father whose attachment to A KING even superseded the duties he owed to HIS COUNTRY: she who once basked in the sunshine of Fortune has lately herself struggled with all the miseries she has endeavoured to describe.

Affliction cuts the deeper from a recollection of former enjoyments: the memory of past joys sharpens the sense of her present sufferings: she once little dreamed of those scenes of horror through which she has passed; she little anticipated, that whenever she should have occasion for the WORLD'S assistance, the world would withhold it from her. She had fondly imagined, that

every one was her FRIEND; nor was the veil of deception withdrawn, till, alas ! she had occasion for its friendship :—Then the very persons who had been most anxious to court her smiles, who had beguiled her with their delusive flatteries, who had encouraged her errors and foothed her vices, were the first to keep aloof and shun the wretchedness they had helped to accomplish.—They who had been the bosom friends of her father, refused even to hear the hapless tale of his ill-fated child : nor did his unshaken zeal in the cause of HIS SOVEREIGN ever produce to his daughter the recompence of a shilling from the English government.

These are the reflections of one undisturbed by the frenzy of party conflicts, and only zealous in the general cause of humanity—They are the reflections of a woman, chastened in Affliction's school, restored to reason by the wholesome lessons
she

ſhe has received from that moſt inſtructive of all monitors,—Adverſity !

Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at her heels, and chafes her in view.*

To drive off this fiend, alas ! ſhe has no other hope, than from the advantage ſhe may derive from this faint production of her pen. The perſpective which the world now preſents to her view is gloomy indeed : nevertheless, it would be greatly brightened, if ſhe conceived that her example might ſerve as a beacon to others of her ſex.

Oh ! may the generous character of the Britiſh nation, which has ſo often ſhone reſplendent in acts of amiable benevolence, long preſerve its luſtre ! may it wipe off thoſe tears, calculated to fade the cheek of Beauty ! may no political diſcord, no party rage ever obſcure it ! and while

GALLIA'S

* Venice Preferred.

GALLIA's refractory sons are revelling on the fruits of British benevolence, let it not be said that Britannia's own legitimate children ever fought or wept in vain.

MARGARET COGHLAN.

December 7, 1793.

MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. COGHLAN.

CAPTAIN Patrick Heron, my grandfather, was quartered with his regiment at Portsmouth, where he made a conquest of Miss E. Vining, daughter of Mr. John Vining,* who was at that period mayor of the town.—The lady in question was born to a very considerable fortune.

My grandfather being a young man and a soldier, it was a match quite contrary to the inclination of the old gentleman, Mr. Vining, who used all possible means to prevent its taking place;
but

* A beautiful monument is erected in St. Thomas church, Portsmouth, to the memory of this gentleman, stating him to have been six times mayor of that town.

but love, almighty love sets every obstacle at defiance, and is always sure to furnish means adequate to its ends. An elopement to Scotland was the result of Mr. Vining's obstinacy; from Captain Heron's paternal seat in that country, Miss V. acquainted her father with this act of her disobedience, and implored his forgiveness. The late Duke of Bolton and the late Lord Delawar became mediators with him, and their mediation induced Mr. Vining to relax from his severity.

The first step towards reconciliation, was to write a letter to my grandfather, expressing his reasons for disapproving the marriage, but at the same time intreating him to quit Scotland, and bring home his bride. In this letter he proposed to settle a handsome fortune on her as her marriage portion, together with Vicars-Hill, a delightful seat in the new forest near Lymington.— Here my grandfather lived in the greatest splendor for several years: his house was the universal receptacle of happiness, where the rich were entertained with magnificent profusion, and where the wretched always found comfort and protection.

tion. In the course of years, Mrs. Heron was the mother of nine children; from one of whom Captain Mark Robinson (son of Admiral Robinson) is a descendant: Captain Miller, of the marines, married one of his sisters, and there are several other sons now living. The liberal mind of my grandfather frequently involved him in disagreeable embarrassments; one of which obliged him to abandon his country and friends: he was one evening in a coffee-house at Lymington, perusing the newspapers, when a person by the name of Boyes applied to him, saying, "Captain Heron, I am a ruined man, should you refuse the favour I am about to request; having a quantity of cyder just landed, I really have no place wherein to deposit it for the night; will you give me permission to lodge it in your cellar?" Upon which my grandfather consented, and sent to his butler for the key of the cellar, where the *supposed* cyder was no sooner placed than an exciseman arrived, who had either followed it himself, or had received information where it lay: he told my grandfather, "that there had been secreted in his cellar one hundred and
" fifty

“fifty tierces of brandy, and that he must search
 “for them:” whereon Captain Heron replied,
 “that he should not enter *his* premises.” The
 exciseman persisted, and notwithstanding a *severe*
 beating which he received from the servants, he
 forced the door of the cellar, where he discovered
 the brandy. Embarrassed by this discovery,
 my grandfather flew to his father-in-law, the
 mayor of Portsmouth, and acquainting him with
 what had happened, asked his advice; when the
 mayor was of opinion, that he ought to conceal
 himself until he wrote to the minister to solicit
 some indulgence. He pursued this advice, and
 received for answer, that a *capias* had been issued
 against him, at the suit of the excise office, for the
enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds; that he
 could give no other counsel, than for him instantly
 to join the fortieth regiment, in which he had
 a company, and which then was stationed at An-
 napolis-Royal. Thither he went, leaving his
 wife at Vicars-Hill, with her children, where she
 died broken hearted six months after his depart-
 ure. Such are the cruelties that for ever flow
 from excise laws!—He had not been long at An-
 napolis,

napolis, when he was appointed governor of that place, which situation he held at the time of his decease.

Here he married Miss Margaret Jephson, daughter of Captain Jephson, belonging to the fortieth regiment, by whom he had Margaret my mother. On the death of my grandfather, his widow went from Annapolis to Halifax, in order to take a passage for Cork, where she intended to settle amongst her own friends. Major Moncrieffe, my father, who was then aid-de-camp to General Monckton, married her eldest daughter. Her mother and the other children remained with them one month; after which they sailed for Ireland, and almost within sight of the harbour of Cork the vessel foundered, and every soul perished. Owing to this sad event, my brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, and myself, are the only survivors of that marriage; and by the will of my grandfather, proved in the *prerogative court* of Canterbury, we are the lawful heirs to all his property. The estate in Scotland is computed to be worth *five thousand pounds* per annum; and

that at Lymington is of considerable value, but at present it is in the possession of my mother's half brothers and their children, whose names I have already mentioned.

My mother was esteemed a beautiful woman; she was a wife at the age of fourteen, and in her grave before she was twenty, leaving my brother and myself unprotected infants.—My father was likewise a very young man, and at that time only a lieutenant in the army, although aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherst. General Gage, who had a sincere friendship for him, proposed that his children should take up their abode at his house, where we were nursed under the general's immediate inspection, sharing the same attention with his own children; and, the present Lord Gage was the companion of my infant years. My father, however, resolved to send my brother and myself for education to Dublin. At the age of three years, I was sent across the Atlantic Ocean; my brother being then only five years old. On our arrival in Dublin, I was sent to Miss Beard's boarding-school,
and

and my brother to the Hibernian Academy : here I remained without seeing my father until I was eight years old, when he returned from America, and was quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 55th, in which he had then a company. He brought with him the daughter of Judge Livingston, of New-York, to whom he had been some time married : the *person* of this lady was uncommonly forbidding, but her *purse* was irresistible. Young as I was, I did not like my new mother ; she had, as I above remarked, the most disagreeable countenance ; and what is worse, she was a stranger to every social virtue, and a rigid Presbyterian. My father having exchanged with the Honourable Colonel Grey, from the 55th to the 59th regiment, was soon afterwards ordered upon the American station, and appointed Major of Brigade upon the staff : the importunities of my mother-in-law were exerted to induce my father to take me back with them to New-York, but he had previously resolved to educate me in Dublin, and persisted in the intention : however, in the year 1772, both my brother and myself were ordered, by letters from my father, to return to
New-York,

New-York, where we landed the same year: my brother was sent to the college in that city, and I remained under the care of a governess. In the year 1774, my mother-in-law died, leaving to my father her fortune, for in her marriage articles she had reserved to herself the power of disposing of it. Six months after her death, my father *took to himself another wife*, one of the loveliest of her sex. In her bosom, virtue, honour and conjugal affection were blended; but alas! her fate destined her for an early grave. Ten months after her marriage, she died in childbirth of her infant son, my youngest brother, leaving him and myself under the care of her brother, Mr. Frederick Jay, who was then member of congress for the province of New-York: at this time my father was with General Gage, at Boston. Thus I found myself in the midst of republicans in war against the crown of Great-Britain,—persecuted on every side, because my father was fighting for the cause of *a king!*—At the age of thirteen, I was sent to board at Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey, with the family of an American Colonel, where I was forced to hear my nearest and dearest relations continually traduced.

traduced. I had remained in the house of this gentleman several months, when the appearance of General Howe at Staten-Island obliged the inhabitants of Elizabeth-Town to seek refuge in the interior part of the country. I was then conducted, with Colonel Banker's wife, to a village about ten miles distant; but grieved with the gloomy scene before me, I availed myself of the absence of the family one Sunday, while they were at church, to make my escape: I rode back to Elizabeth-Town, and placed myself *immediately* under the care of a lady* (Mrs. de Hart) whose family loved me from my tenderest infancy. However, I was not allowed to remain long in this retreat; the congress, particularly that part of it which were related to my father by his second and third wives, fixed their attention upon me:— They had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army, a situation which was afterwards given to
General

* The husband of this lady was member of the continental congress, and immediately resigned his situation on the independence of America being declared.

General Montgomery, ' his nephew. Bigotted to the cause of *a king*, my father rejected their offers, and thus we lost the glorious opportunity of adding the laurel of *patriotism* to a name high in the ranks of *military valour*, and perhaps unequalled in military science. No man ever served the British monarch with more fidelity, or fought for him with greater bravery: but I was very near falling a victim to this stubborn attachment. Walking one sultry day in the garden of my protectress, I was beset by a party of riflemen, just arrived from Pennsylvania, who, presenting their bayonets to my breast, would certainly have killed me, had not one of the men took compassion on my youth, discovering in my features something which conquered his savage purpose.—Thanks be to God! *my countrymen* did not commit an act which certainly would have stained the bright immortal cause of liberty—a cause that, I glory to say, first struck root in my dear native country, and which is now expanding its branches through the whole continent of Europe.

My beautiful and unfortunate countrywoman,
Miss

Miss M'Rea,² experienced a far different fate: she, alas! found *no* mercy; her charms served only to stimulate the furious passions of her brutal ravishers: arrayed in her bridal robes, awaiting the arrival of him, the lover, who was to crown her joys, in the sight of *a British soldiery*, under the command of *British officers*, she was three times violated by Canadian savages in *British pay*, and afterwards, (oh horrible to relate!) in *cold blood, scalped and murdered!*

Delivered from the only savages I *ever* met amongst *my own countrymen*, I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingston,³ my first step-mother's brother, who was the governor of New-Jersey. He behaved to me with harshness, and even added insult to his reproaches. Thus destitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who instantly answered my letter by a very kind invitation to his house, assuring me, that he respected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life, he himself, or any part of his family, might always command his services. On the next day, he sent
Colonel

Colonel Webb, one of his aid-de-camps, to conduct me to New-York. When I arrived in Broadway (a street so called) where General Putnam resided, I was received with the greatest tenderness both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study to shew me every mark of regard; but I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes indeed I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house,* where my chief delight was to view with a telescope our fleet and army at Staten-Island. My amusements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiery; indolence in America being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked some for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *Muscadin*, like our Dilletantis of St. James's-street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world, his
heart

* Almost every gentleman's house in New-York has a gallery, with a summer-house, on the top.

heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration. One day after dinner, the congress was the toast; General Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, "Miss Moncrieffe, you "don't drink your wine." Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and taking the wine, I said, "General Howe *is* the toast."—Vexed at my temerity, the whole company, especially General Washington, censured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as usual, apologised, and assured them I did not mean to offend; "Besides," replied he, "every thing said or done by such a child "ought rather to amuse than affront you."—General Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, "Well, Miss, I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my "health, or General Putnam's, the first time "you dine at Sir William Howe's table, on the "other side of the water."

These words conveyed to me a flattering hope
 4 that

that I should once more see my father, and I promised General Washington to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

Not long after this circumstance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten-Island, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me, for he now considered me as a prisoner. General Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying, "that I should remain a hostage for my "father's good behaviour." I must here observe, that when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam,⁴ as if it were by instinct, laid his hand on his sword, and with a violent oath swore, "that my father's "request *should* be granted." The commander in chief, whose influence governed the congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention ;* and, that I might not escape, they ordered
me

* My father's knowledge of the country induced General Washington to use every expedient in order to seduce him from the Royal cause, and he

me to King's-Bridge, where, in justice, I must say, that I was treated with the utmost tenderness: General Mifflin^s there commanded; his lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here my heart received its first impression,—an impression, that amidst the subsequent shocks which it has received, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling, brutish husband.

Oh! may these pages one day meet the eye of him who subdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature had pointed out for my husband, but whose sacred decree the barbarous customs of society fatally violated. To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall never cease to lament, that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *past* sufferings, now that, alas! my *present* sorrows press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating a little on the inevitable horrors which ever attend

knew there was none more likely to succeed than that of attacking his parental feelings.

attend the frustration of natural affections: I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows, am a melancholy example of this truth; for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domestic life, than for that hurricane of extravagance and dissipation on which I have been wrecked.—

Why is the will of nature so often perverted? Why is social happiness for ever sacrificed at the altar of prejudice? Avarice has usurped the throne of reason, and the affections of the heart are not consulted. We cannot command our desires, and when the object of our being is unattained, misery must be necessarily our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be for ever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itself in a tender, constant heart, no time, no circumstance can eradicate it. Unfortunate, then, are they who are joined, if their hearts are not matched!—

—With this *conquerer* of my soul, how happy should I now have been!—What storms and tempests

tempests should I have avoided, (at least I am pleased to think so) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations! and happier, oh! ten thousand times happier should I have been with him, in the wildest desert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only shelter, and their fruits our only repast, than under the canopy of costly state, with all the refinements and embellishments of courts, with the royal warrior who would fain have proved himself the *conqueror* of France!

My conqueror was engaged in another cause, he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: he fought to liberate, not to enslave nations—He was a Colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country: *his* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought; they shone as bright as the cause which atchieved them! I had communicated, by letter to General Putnam, the proposals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them, and I was embarrassed by the answer which the General returned; he intreated me to remember, that the
 person

person in question, from his political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing, "That I surely would
 "not unite myself with a man who, in his zeal
 "for the cause of his country, would not hesitate
 "to drench his sword in the blood of my nearest
 "relation, should he be opposed to him in
 "battle." Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments, since, in every other respect, he considered the match as unexceptionable.—Nevertheless, General Putnam, after this discovery, appeared, in all his visits to King's-Bridge, extremely reserved; his eyes were constantly fixed on me; nor did he ever cease to make me the object of his concern to congress; and, after various applications, he succeeded in obtaining leave for my departure, when, in order that I should go to Staten-Island with the respect due to my sex and family, the barge belonging to the continental congress was ordered with twelve oars, and a general officer, together with his suite, was dispatched to see me safe across the bay of New-York. The day was so very tempestuous, that I was half drowned with
 the

the waves dashing against me. When we came within hail of the Eagle man of war, which was Lord Howe's ship, a flag of truce was sent to meet us: the officer dispatched on this occasion was Lieutenant Brown. General Knox^s told him that he had received orders to see me safe to headquarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, "It was impossible, as no person from the enemy could approach nearer the English fleet;" but added, "that if I would place myself under his protection, he certainly would attend me thither." I then entered the barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned MY BACK ON LIBERTY!—

—We first rowed alongside the Eagle, and Mr. Brown afterwards conveyed me to headquarters. When my name was announced, the British commander in chief sent Colonel Sheriff, (lately made a General, and who, during my father's life-time, was one of *his most particular* friends, although, alas! the endearing sentiment of friendship now seems extinct in his breast, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned) with
an

an invitation from Sir William Howe⁷ to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. When introduced, I cannot describe the emotion I felt; so sudden the transition in a few hours, that I was ready to sink into the earth! Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz amongst them, saying, "She is a sweet girl, she is divinely handsome;" although it was some relief to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montresor,⁸ who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence; but being unfortunately asked, agreeably to military etiquette, for a *toast*, I gave General Putnam: Colonel Sheriff said, in a low voice, "You must not give him here:" when Sir William Howe complaisantly replied, "O! by all means; if he "be the lady's *sweetheart*, I can have no objection "to drink his health." This involved me in a new dilemma; I wished myself a thousand miles distant; and to divert the attention of the company,

pany, I gave to the General a letter, that I had been commissioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy—(And here I consider myself bound to apologize for the bad spelling of my most excellent republican friend. The bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.)—" *Ginrole** Putnam's compliments to "Major Moncrieffe, has made him a present of a "fine daughter, if he dont *lick*† her he must send "her back again, and he will provide her with a "fine good *twig* husband." The substitution of *twig* for *whig* husband, served as a fund of entertainment to the company.

Immediately the General informed me that my father was with Lord Percy,‡ and obligingly said, "that a carriage should be provided to convey me "to him," gallantly adding, "amongst so many "gentlemen a *beautiful young lady* certainly could "not want a *cecisbeo* to conduct her."—Knowing
Colonel

* For General.

† For like.

‡ Now Duke of Northumberland.

Colonel Small from my earliest youth, I asked him to render me that service, to which he consented.—Lord Percy⁹ then lived nine miles distant from head-quarters, and when we arrived at his house, my father was walking on the lawn with his Lordship.—Colonel Small,^{9*} apprehensive of the consequences which might ensue from a too abrupt introduction, delicately hinted to him that I was at Sir William Howe's.—Lord Percy, equally impatient to see me, replied, “Heaven be praised! “Major, let us instantly go and conduct her “hither.” Such trouble was however unnecessary: In a few minutes, I was introduced, when, overcome by the emotions of filial tenderness, I fainted in my father's arms, where I remained in a state of insensibility during half an hour; at length I recovered, and mutual congratulations passed on all sides, when it became necessary to consider in what manner I was to be disposed of, since all his Lordship's *suite* slept in marquees: but the hospitality of this nobleman rose above ceremony, and that the daughter should not so soon again be separated from her father, he ordered one of his own apartments to be prepared for me.

Here

Here I lived happy, till the Royal Army quitted Staten-Island.—A fortnight previous thereto, my father had been appointed Major of Brigade to the division commanded by Lord Cornwallis; an event that afforded us infinite satisfaction. With the uncle of this Lord he had begun his military career, having received his first commission from that General in Flanders; and I am rejoiced in having now the opportunity of publishing to the world, that his merit alone raised him to the confidence of his patron, and to the rank he afterwards held in his profession.

General Cornwallis,¹⁰ as a proof of his esteem for my father, intreated that he might adopt his eldest son, now a Lieutenant in the 60th regiment of foot, and who bears the name of Edward Cornwallis, in addition to that of Moncrieffe. Soon after our departure from Lord Percy's, the Royal Army, having left Staten-Island, made good their landing on Long-Island, where my father was taken prisoner at the battle of *Brooklyn*,¹¹ and stripped of his regimentals, was forced to put on the *Red Ribbon*, (a mark which the
Americans

Americans wore, in order to distinguish their own staff officers;) and while he was endeavouring to persuade the men to surrender themselves to the Royal Army, they were surrounded by a party of Hessians,¹² who mistaking my father, conceived him, from the badge he had on, to be a Colonel of the enemy: In vain he remonstrated; they made him assist to draw the heavy cannon, in which laborious exercise he was recognised by a Colonel in the British Army: the Hessian officer, confused on discovering his error, consequently made every due apology. This event frequently caused us much entertainment. The success of the Royalists soon restored to us the possession of our property at New-York, where we were no sooner settled, than my father sent an invitation to the widow of a gentleman (who had been formerly a Paymaster-general of the British forces) requesting her to accept his house as an asylum: his object in so doing was on my account, his public situation obliging him to be ever absent from home.—I had now acquired a number of admirers; but having positively *renounced* all thoughts of *marriage*, I obtained

tained consent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were to embark in the month of March, 1777. It was then resolved that, on my arrival in England, I should be placed at Queen's Square boarding-school.—How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an instant can entirely destroy!

Mr. Coghlan,¹³ my present husband, saw me at an assembly, when, without either consulting *my heart*, or deigning to ask my permission, he instantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpose.—In a savage mind, which only considered sensual enjoyments, affection was not an object, for I told him at the time he had *not* any affection, and conjured him in the most persuasive terms, to act as a man of honour and humanity: his reply was congenial with his character; he valued not any refusal on *my part*, so long as he had the Major's consent; and, with a dreadful *oath*, he swore, “that my obstinacy should not avail me.” Indeed, my refusal signified nothing; he insinuated himself so far in my
father's

father's confidence, as to draw upon me the anger of a parent, to whose displeasure I had never been accustomed, and whose rebukes I had not resolution to resist : Confined to my own apartment, I was forbid his presence, unless prepared to receive the husband he had provided for me. Wretched in mind, smarting under the sad reverse, I who had only known the heart-cheering smiles of parental fondness, to become the object of parental anger ! the idea overcame me, and besieged, at the same time, by the pathetic intreaties of a much-loved brother, I unhappily yielded, and here fate dashed me on a rock which has destroyed my peace of mind in *this* world, and may, perhaps, have paved my way to eternal torments in another.

Unable, as I have said, to refuse the earnest solicitations of a brother, my earliest and dearest friend, I took to my bed a viper, who has stung me even unto death, who has hurled me from the rank to which I was *born*, and for ever banished me from all those amiable enjoyments of society, without which life is a vacuum not to be endured.

In

In consequence of these fatal intreaties, I was married to Mr. John Coghlan, on the 28th of February, 1777, at New-York, by special licence, granted by Sir William Tryon,¹⁴ who was then Civil Governor of that province. At this period, I was only fourteen years and a few months old; so early did I fall a melancholy victim to the hasty decision of well-meaning, but alas! most mistaken relations. My union with Mr. Coghlan I never considered in any other light, than an honourable prostitution, as I really *bated* the man whom they had compelled me to marry.

As the prelude was inauspicious, so did a dismal omen succeed our wedding. The worthy Doctor Auchmuty,¹⁵ who was then Rector of New-York, and had married us that evening, complained on the same evening, while at supper, of indisposition, and three days afterwards he finished his mortal race.—We were the last couple married by this truly amiable man, this exemplary pattern of true christian piety—But when he joined our hands, (I cannot say our hearts,) he wedded *me*, as I before observed, to a series of wretchedness,

wretchedness, from which Heaven alone holds forth a prospect of relief.

Educated in the school of virtue, and, I trust, *naturally averse* to those scenes of vice in which my unhappy stars have since involved me; let my example serve as a salutary caution to other brothers—to other fathers—how they attempt to influence the choice, or to force the inclinations of inexperienced female youth, on a point where every thing most sacred is concerned.

—Let the *compulsion* practised on me apologise with the liberal mind for the transgressions of youth, doomed to the chains of a detested marriage.—Had it been my lot to have been united in wedlock with *the man of my affections*, my soul and body might now have been all purity, and the world would not then have lost a being, naturally social, generous, and humane.

A few months after our nuptials, Mr. Coghlan was ordered, with his regiment, to Philadelphia, whither he repaired, leaving me at Long-Island
with

with my father — For several months, I never received any letter from him, a circumstance which caused great displeasure to all my relations ; but to me, it was of little consequence, as my greatest happiness was to remain peaceably at home with my family.—However, this satisfaction was not long enjoyed. One evening, as I was sitting with my father, the arrival of my husband was announced ; the master of the house received him with open arms, but I met him with an air of *disgust*, having never learned the secret to disguise my genuine feelings. In the course of conversation, we discovered that he had fold out of the army in defiance of *his* father's positive commands ; and that it was his intention instantly to embark for England, where he proposed that I should accompany him.—Thus I was forced from the paternal roof of my only friend, *my natural protector*.

Mr. Coghlan took lodgings at New-York, where he introduced me to libertines, and to women of doubtful character. In this city we remained about a month, when a convoy being

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ready

ready to sail for Cork, we embarked on the 8th of February, 1778, and had not been many days at sea before my husband, freed from all restraint, from the protection that I had enjoyed under my father's roof, threw off the mask of deception, and appeared in his true native character, the *brutish unfeeling tyrant* ! never omitting an opportunity to persecute and torment me. Innumerable cruelties did I endure from this man while on our passage ; and so unrelenting was he in his barbarous treatment, that it at length became public in the ship, and obliged Captain Kidd, the commander, to take notice of it, threatening to confine him as a madman, if he persevered in his inhuman career.* In three weeks after our departure from New-York, the fleet discovered land ; but beat off by strong easterly winds, we could not make Cape Clear, so that the Captain was obliged to take all the ships he had under convoy into Crook Haven, a small port in the west of Ireland.—The vessels no sooner came to anchor, than *my tyrant* sent his horse ashore, which he

* Vide the libel exhibited by me against my husband, which remains on record in the Ecclesiastical Court.

he had brought from America; leaving me, young and unprotected, in the midst of six or seven hundred men, for the space of fourteen days, without a single individual of my own sex in the whole fleet. Thus I was exposed to various insults, for when my husband openly abandoned me, it was natural to conclude that others would not be remiss in practising their arts of seduction against me.

When the wind became favourable, we again sailed, and landed at the Cove of Cork. On my arrival in the latter city, I was received by the Mayor, a near relation of my husband's, who soon introduced me to him; I was pleased to find that he made some apologies for having left me so abruptly, remarking, that it was in consequence of some liberties he conceived Captain Kidd had taken with him.

During my stay at Cork, which lasted ten days, I was treated with all possible civility and respect. From hence we went to Dublin, where, on our arrival, my uncle, Alderman Moncrieffe, (who is
now

now one of the chief magistrates and Lord Mayor elect of that city) expressed great displeasure on hearing that I had remained so long at Crook Haven, under the circumstances I have described.—In a few days Mr. Coghlan, leaving me with my uncle, went over to England, where he remained one month. While he had been absent, and in London, his mind had been poisoned by a variety of calumnies that some good-natured friends had insinuated against me.—On his return, he roundly told me, that he had taken an old mansion in Wales, for the express purpose of secluding me from the world; that *his* design was to break my *spirit*; and if that would not do, to break my *heart*.—In vain I practised every art in my power to frustrate this inhuman project; but finding all my intreaties and exertions ineffectual, I positively told both him and my uncle I was determined not to remain in Wales; and boldly declared, that I would leave him and fly to my father's friends in England.—He, however, peremptorily persisted in his resolution, and I believe has since lamented *his folly*. When we had reached the inn at Conway (on our way to the

Old

Old Mansion) all my thoughts were bent on an escape, and the very first moment he left me alone, I fled from my tormentor, and fought my way across the mountains, destitute of money, and without a hut to afford me shelter from the inclemency of the weather; but supported by the native innocence of my own heart, I escaped from the great regardless of all lesser evils. I encountered many difficulties on the road: youth, however, and perseverance, enabled me to surmount them all.—Lovers pressed around me at every inn: Hibernia's gallant sons, some of whom had seen me in Dublin, made the most liberal offers, and uttered the warmest vows; they would have escorted me to London, or to any other part of the world; but I turned a deaf ear to their protestations, and continued my pedestrian journey, an innocent, solitary fugitive! From my juvenile appearance, I naturally became an object of suspicion to the different inn-keepers, who considered me as an amorous adventurer, run away from my parents; but on a candid recital of my artless tale, and on my reposing implicit confidence in them, they consented to assist and facilitate my flight.

flight.—When I arrived at Namptwich, I wrote to Lord Thomas Clinton, (now Lord Lincoln) who had been on very intimate terms with my friends in America.

Here, perhaps, my conduct was imprudent, although, I trust, not altogether *guilty*; nevertheless, this act of indiscretion has possibly occasioned many of the subsequent miseries that I have since endured.—My letter to his Lordship was immediately answered by Mr. Jackson, (attorney to Lord Thomas) inclosing, by his Lordship's order, twenty pounds, and containing a request from him, that I should consider myself under his protection, signifying, that Mr. Coghlan had challenged him, in consequence of some suspicions which he entertained concerning an amorous attachment between his Lordship and myself.

I had forgot to mention, that my husband pursued me from Conway, but taking a different rout, missed his object. When he arrived in London, he instantly repaired to the house of
General

General Gage,¹⁸ who hinted *to him* the probability of his finding me with Lord Thomas, the General having heard a report to that purpose.—Alarmed by this intelligence, he sent for his brother-in-law, Mr. Phipps, (the late member for Peterborough) who accompanied him to Sunning-Hill, at which place Lord Thomas then resided. He immediately accused the latter of having been my seducer, insisted on searching the house, and in case of refusal, declared that he was prepared, and would insist on that satisfaction to which an injured husband was entitled. Fortunately, some gentlemen, who were on a visit to his Lordship, interfered, and assured Mr. Coghlan that *I was not in the house*; when, after much persuasion, he was induced to return to London, at the same time denouncing vengeance if he should hereafter discover that any deception had been practised upon him.—I have never ceased to rejoice that this affair had no fatal catastrophe. My husband's temper was naturally violent; and, born in a country where the barbarous prejudice of duelling bears such absolute sway, the noble Lord might have fallen a victim

victim to this savage custom—the illustrious house of Newcastle might have been deprived of their heir, and thus another *hope* of a *puissant family* have been lost.

—Amongst a brave and enlightened people, who have always displayed the most exemplary valour in defending their rights, and whose generous volunteers, led on, in the hour of danger, by the patriots Grattan, Charlemont, Leinster, and other noble chiefs, have never hesitated to make the dearest sacrifice for the public safety, it cannot be too much lamented, that heroes so prodigal of life should not have courage to oppose and annihilate a barbarism which has for many centuries fixed a stigma on a country in every other respect amiable, and whose bravery and gallantry are universally renowned through all the nations of the world.

I am sorry to remark, to the utter disgrace of Lord Clinton, that his behaviour to me, when I fell within his power, was such as reflects dishonour both on his *head* and *heart*. In the former,

I at once discovered a vacancy ; it did not, therefore, afterwards surprize me to find a *canker* in the latter, having always remarked a weak head and an unprincipled mind to be perfectly congenial to each other. This *foi disant nobleman* meanly proposed to surrender me, young and beautiful as I was then considered, (and at the same time under his immediate care) to the arms of one of his libertine companions, only anxious to avoid the menaces of an enraged Hibernian, and to secure himself from an action of damages.—Such an act, committed by a man of inferior birth, would have disgraced him among his fellows ; while *the noble* derives from thence additional *fame*, and a breach of every moral duty in the higher circles is regarded as mere fashionable levity, as the elegant *nonchalance* of polite life.—In that class, distinction keeps pace with *vice*, and a strict observance of morality is deemed dulness and insipidity.

After what I have said of nobility, let me be permitted to make one *honourable* exception : I should be ungrateful indeed, and belie the feelings of my soul, if I did not proclaim *my dear*

friend, Lord Hervey, a nobleman possessing honour, generosity, and affection—His heart, always open to the congenial feelings of humanity, never refused obedience to its sacred impulse. I knew him in his prime of youth, and although now some years have passed since I enjoyed the happiness of seeing him, I am pleased to flatter myself that his soul has escaped the politician's lot,—that it has not become hardened and corrupt.

How often have I observed him check the manly tear which had instinctively started in *his* eye on a recital of my misfortunes! and how sincerely has he appeared to lament the want of *power* to restore me to that situation which I was born to fill in the world!—While living under the protection of Lord Clinton, I endured many unhappy hours, and my affliction did not pass unobserved by my attendants.—One day I was surprised *in tears*, by my own woman, to whom I related my story, as nothing affords more relief to a distressed mind, than giving vent to its sorrows: this compassionate creature, who was by no means privy to his Lordship's plans, advised
me

me to attempt a reconciliation with my husband, which advice I rejected ; but, having written a penitent letter to my friend, (the Honourable Mrs. Gage)¹⁷ into whose hands I desired it to be delivered, General Gage himself, who was ever during his life a friend to my family, contrary to *the opinion of his lady*, fetched me instantly away from my lodgings in Lower-Seymour-street, and informed Mr. Coghlan's father that the *fair fugitive* was found ; when they held a consultation respecting my future destination, the result of which was, that it would be prudent for me to retire to a convent in France. In this opinion I acquiesced, and consequently departed for Calais, where I hired apartments in the Dominican convent. I had not been long in this gloomy retirement, before I was surprised with a visit from Lord Thomas Clinton, who informed me of the death of his brother, the late Lord Lincoln,—and was pleased to say, that his object in coming to Calais was to know if I was happy. Youth is the season of credulity, and flattery never yet was unwelcome to a *female ear*. Being myself naturally of a lively temper, I could but
 ill

ill adapt my ideas to the dismal solitude of a monastery, or to the melancholy habits of its superstitious inhabitants, and a circumstance* had lately happened, which had determined me to quit my present companions. I knew it was in vain to ask permission from my friends to return to England, as it had been determined by them that I should continue three years in the convent, and *absolute* orders had been given to the superior, that no stranger should be admitted to see me, unless he brought letters from them. I mentioned this circumstance to Lord Lincoln, but he was too well acquainted with the *secret virtue* of that *golden key* which he possessed, to pay attention to such orders. The scrupulous delicacy of Madame Gray, superior of the convent, could not resist the magic of *this key*; her *virtue* yielded, and I consequently dined with his Lordship, nor ever more returned to my *disinterested* friend

* Alluding to a ceremony annually observed on All Saints Day, or the Resurrection of Souls, when the bones and skulls of the dead, which had long before been peaceably consigned to their mother Earth, together with a coffin, are placed in the chapel of the convent, where all the ladies of the society are made to attend the doleful scene at midnight,

friend, Madame Gray, but agreeable to his Lordship's advice, took my passage to England.—The Nuns, alarmed at my flight, wrote to my friends, excusing themselves from having been privy to my escape, and imputing the whole blame to *the woman* whose business it is to walk out with the pensioners, as being auxiliary to my departure.—Soon after my arrival in London, General Gage was informed of my return, and of the place where I had taken up my residence. He immediately dispatched Major Brown to my lodgings, and by him I was acquainted with the misery which my father suffered on my account. Unable to endure the thought of afflicting the tenderest of parents, whom I most affectionately loved, I was easily induced to forego those visionary and fatal schemes of happiness, which my imagination had formed. Thus restored to my friends, I was fixed by Mrs. Gage with a respectable family near Grosvenor Square.

Sir Charles Gould, who was in habits of correspondence with Major Moncrieffe,¹⁸ paid the expenses of my board, at the *Major's desire*.
Here

Here I remained two years, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Gage informed me that she had received letters from my father, wherein he expressed his wishes that I would form some plan whereby to gain a future livelihood; that as by my imprudence I had rendered it impossible for *him* to countenance me as *his* daughter, he advised me to endeavour to learn the mantua-making business. The proposal I rejected, considering that I was entitled to a separate maintenance from my husband, *proportionate* to *his* fortune. Thus embarrassed, I waited on Lord Amherst,¹⁹ informing him of my unhappy marriage. His Lordship remembered me when in my nurse's arms, which recollection *secured* me in *him* a zealous advocate and mediator with my father; at the same time flattering me with hopes of success. On hearing the intention of the latter, his Lordship was equally surprised with myself: he instantly exclaimed, "This surely "would be a curious method to restore you to "the paths of virtue;" adding, "that he had a "bad opinion of such trades for young women."

—My

—My father was a man of rigid, austere principles, whenever virtue or honour were in question, however indulgent he might be himself on other occasions. The severity he manifested in this instance does not derogate in the least from his usual character; the actual dishonour of a beloved daughter pleads a sufficient excuse for any harshness which I may have experienced from him.

Thus deserted, I became almost frantic; I left the family where Mrs. Gage had placed me, and paid a visit to *the man* whose counsels I ought to have shunned. At his Lordship's house I was received a welcome guest: on seeing me, he *satirically smiled*, and said, "he hoped I had *now* sufficiently felt the "rod of correction, and that it would teach me to "be regardless of every other consideration but "that of improving my own fortune."—At this period, Lord Lincoln was engaged in a contested election for the city of Westminster, with that bright luminary of genius who still shines with such resplendent effulgence in the political world, the Right Honourable Charles Fox.²⁰—I was
now

now seventeen years old, and felt a natural inclination for the stage: on this subject I consulted a friend of my father's, Colonel Etherington, who advised me to procure an introduction to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre. Accident, at this juncture, brought me acquainted with the Right Honourable Gentleman just mentioned, (Mr. Fox) whose interest I solicited with Mr. Sheridan,²¹ and he, with his usual goodness, recommended me to the latter gentleman, and it was then my intention to have made my *debut* at Drury-Lane House, the following winter.

The frequent opportunities I at this time enjoyed of seeing Mr. Fox, whose affections were then (I believe) disengaged, were of the highest service to me; dulness itself could not have failed to profit from the instructions of so able and eloquent a friend. During my acquaintance with this amiable and benevolent man, my soul was consecrated to all the sweet emotions of friendship, and happy should I have been had this intimacy lasted;—but, alas! such happiness was not reserved for me. Engaged in the pursuit of most
honourable

honourable ambition, his heart was ever open to the more endearing virtues of private life. The zealous, enthusiastic patriot was no less the sincere affectionate friend—the tender, the ardent lover; and, perhaps, in no one man were ever before united so many engaging, so many transcendent qualities; insomuch, that the character given of him in the House of Commons, by his friend Sir Charles Bunbury, seems by no means exaggerated—“That he was even a hero to his valet de “chambre!”

The giddiness of extreme youth, and remarkable levity of my disposition at that time, was not calculated to secure the attachment of this illustrious character, although in every subsequent trial I have found in him a most complaisant and liberal benefactor.

It was now my destiny to become acquainted with a man in almost every instance the reverse of the former, but he still possessed that *charm*, which, with my turn for extravagance, supported the place of every other. Mr. Fazakerley was *rich*,

and what rendered him yet more valuable in my fight, he was *generous*! He offered me his house and presented to me his purse; money seemed no object to him, and such a man was adapted to my purpose. Nevertheless, it was my nature to be candid, I therefore frankly told him that I was four months advanced in pregnancy; and concluded by saying, that he probably might deem this circumstance an obstacle to our connection. He waved however the objection, made the most liberal offers, insisted on my applying to no other quarter for protection, and during four years he supported me and my *daughter*, without permitting me to draw from Mr. Fox the least supply whatever.

Mr. Fazakerley made with me the tour of Europe, and did all in his power to cultivate my understanding, and to give me all that superficial knowledge and acquirements which are considered to yield such a polish to our *travelled ladies*. If I had not profited by the advantages that offered themselves during my acquaintance with this gentleman, I should deserve more misfortunes
than

than I have even yet endured, if it were possible they could fall to the lot of any one human being ; but, I trust that my mind has not been *altogether* unimproved ; and if my heart may have been corrected by the former gentleman, my understanding and person have certainly acquired graces and accomplishments from the pains bestowed on me by the latter. I am therefore bound to acknowledge those obligations to Mr. Fazakerley, for the attention I received from him during *four years*, as well as for many liberal pecuniary favours ; but as to the real happiness, I never enjoyed it under the auspices of *this gentleman*, his temper being extremely morose and *capricious* ; nor had he any of those qualities formed to conciliate the affections of a delicate woman.

At the end of four years, this connection was dissolved, and unfortunately for me, all his *friendship* perished with it.

During my misfortunes, he has never listened to my complaints ; the more miseries were accumulated on my wretched *head*, the more callous did

did his *heart* seem to what I suffered, and he at length concluded by withdrawing an annuity of two hundred pounds, which he had *promised should be continued during my life*.

I had now formed an acquaintance with Lord Hervey. Of this noble Lord I have spoken in the preceding pages, and even at this moment I cannot reflect on the virtues and splendid qualities that distinguish the mind and person of his Lordship, without the most lively sensibility. With him I enjoyed, for several months, all the comforts and delights of domestic life, and with him I continued until he was appointed, by his Britannic Majesty, Envoy at a foreign court.

Attached to my native country (America) I fancy the reader will have already discovered that I am by no means a friend to arbitrary principles; nor is it because I admire the *man*, that I am to be considered a convert to his *political notions*.

I was therefore concerned when I read the manifesto which he published at that court, during

ing his embassy. Nothing, however, can abate the lively gratitude and esteem which my heart feels for this valuable friend.—His Lordship had left me only a few months, when I brought forth a pledge of our union, a daughter, whom death soon ravished from me: previous to which loss, a new and amiable connection called me back to Ireland, where I received the above fatal intelligence, which was a terrible drawback upon the happiness I then enjoyed. Captain B*****, my new lover, was every way calculated to obliterate the impression I might have received from former admirers, and to soothe the affliction which I felt for the loss of my dear and beloved child. From him I have uniformly experienced every kindness that the tenderest affection could bestow. The roving habits of a military life did not admit any *permanent* attachment of this nature; but it is sufficiently flattering to me, that Mr. B***** never omitted an occasion of seeking my society.

The fruits of our connection are two sons, both now living, and both happy under the protection

tection of their worthy parent, who is himself lately united in marriage with a lady who, I am told, possesses every virtue and every necessary accomplishment to secure his happiness, and with whom I ardently wish him a continuation of all the blessings and enjoyments which he so eminently deserves. Let me, however, indulge the hope, without wishing to strew the thorns of jealousy or discontent on *her* bridal pillow, that he will never *utterly* neglect his former *friend*, the *mother* of *his* children. Humanity, and friendship for others, are not uncongenial with conjugal fidelity, and if I am rightly informed of Lady A——'s character, she is not the woman to encourage a dereliction of those duties. The honourable connection that Mr. B***** has formed is incompatible with the union that once subsisted between *us*, and if previous thereto there had been any chasm in that union, it was because his *fortune* could not keep pace with *my former extravagance*.

Confident am I, from all the proofs I have had of his generous and affectionate heart, that
the

the manifold sorrows I have undergone, if he had possessed the power, I should have been spared the suffering. I could dwell longer on this endearing theme, but prudence commands me to draw the veil.

I now enter on the subject of a gentleman, whom honour, gratitude, and every refined sentiment which dignifies the soul of woman, and impresses it with a sense of past obligations, compel me to mention. Generosity and sincerity were his shining characteristics—a friend to all mankind, *himself* excepted. The openness of Mr. Giffard's disposition everlastingly exposed him to the villanies and base projects of nefarious gamblers and intriguers of every description; nay, even in that elevated circle of aristocracy in which he moved, there were not wanting *ennobled wretches* to form their schemes of plunder and robbery against him. The losses which Mr. Giffard sustained from these *honourable* connections were fatal to himself and family. Unsuspecting of the treachery to which he had been the dupe, he paid to the last guinea, although to accomplish

accomplish that payment, he had been obliged to discharge his establishment, and to dispose of his equipage. Stupid must be the mind that would not have been corrected by fatal experience like this, and happy am I to learn, that from a regular system of œconomy which he has of late adopted, and through the interposition of his relations, his finances are repaired, and thus a most worthy man restored to his country.

Ungrateful should I be if I did not rejoice in every prosperity which he enjoys. From him, during the time I was so happy as to partake of his esteem, I received pecuniary favours that almost outran my own extravagance—and it was only the derangement of his affairs, that could have put a period to them.

While with Mr. Giffard, my humble roof was often visited by princes of the Blood Royal, and by Nobles of the highest distinction—and here, I should do a violence to my own feelings, if I did not draw a just comparison in favour of *plebeian virtue*; let me then honestly proclaim to the world,

world, superior to flattery or dissimulation, that in my journey through life I have found more liberality of sentiment, more candour and ingenuousness in this plain country gentleman, and others of a similar description, than I ever experienced from a certain Duke of royal lineage.

But where is the wonder? Fidelity to *vows* is not the virtue of *princes*. At perjuries with women they only laugh. During my hard distresses in a horrid jail, often did I apply to *this Royal Lothario, this perfidious Lovelace*, but who, alas! had none of the accomplishments that Lovelace could boast of; and the fruit of my application was silence—dead, monotonous, obstinate silence! Beware then, ye of my unhappy sex, how you are beguiled by the gew-gaw of royal splendour! Nursed in the lap of luxury, satiated with enjoyments, the hearts of princes are callous to the purer delights of exquisite sensibility. Princes live only for themselves: they conceive that *men* and *women* are made merely for *them*, to be the passive instruments of their voluptuousness, and are only surprised when the least recompence is required

from them, as a poor indemnity for the dearest sacrifices that have been made to soothe their passions. All I can say is, that if this princely *Lothario* shines not with *greater advantage* in the plains of Mars than he excels in the groves of Venus, the combined forces have little to expect from his martial exertions.

In the month of May, 1788, annoyed by my creditors, and Mr. Giffard's finances being at that time exceedingly deranged, he could only offer certain terms to my creditors, giving one thousand pounds into the hands of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, for the purpose of settling with them; while it was judged expedient that I should transport myself to the continent, there to remain during eight or ten months. I should be loth to cast reflections on any man, and I conceive it now necessary to extricate Mr. Vaughan from aspersions which have been thrown out against him.

My debts at this time amounted to near three thousand pounds, including attorney's bills, for
it

it has been my lot always to pay full sixty shillings for every twenty: it was therefore proposed, that the one thousand pounds so generously granted by my munificent friend should be applied only to the payment of such debts as had been contracted while I resided under the protection of Mr. Giffard, considering himself in honour bound to discharge them. But first, there was an offer made to all my creditors in general, of ten shillings in the pound, which they were foolish enough to refuse; thus I was under the necessity of protracting my residence abroad.

On my arrival in Paris, I had taken my residence at the Hotel de l'Universite, where it was my fortune to meet *once more* that favourite of the fair sex, that renowned warrior, equal to both, and armed for either field, whose glorious exploits in the blood-stained ranks of Long-Island and Charleston can testify, and whose superior excellence in those softer engagements, in the Italian vales, Mademoiselle la Maire and so many other Parisian belles have equally witnessed.

This

This heroic chief, this second Agamemnon, uniting all accomplishments—the fiercest foldier in war, the gentlest swain in love—did me the *honour* to take me under his protection.

He was my cecisbeo, who made me acquainted with all the beauties of that superb and magnificent city; he introduced me into all the gay and brilliant circles, of which he himself shone the splendid ornament. The intelligent reader, on perusing the above, will not be at a loss to discover, that I allude to General D*****. With this military and amorous Quixote there was a young man, nearly related, and to whom, such is the strange organization of the female mind! I am fair to confess, that I gave the *preference* over his formidable and illustrious rival. Jealousy is the characteristic of *love*—I had made an impression on the heart of the veteran beau; he *suspected* (and his *suspitions* were not wrong) that there was a secret understanding between myself and his younger companion: yielding thereto, he kept a steady watch over all our actions, and when the silent hour approached that
 lovers

lovers dedicate to the deity of their adoration, my antique admirer, eager to convince himself of the truth of what he suspected, posted himself in an obscure corner, where, by favour of the moon, he traced Sir R——* to my apartments,—and, as soon as he knew that his conjectures were well founded, he withdrew all friendship, and, I fear, has never since forgiven me.—“At lover’s quarrels,” they say, “Jove laughs;” although this quarrel turned out serious, since no correspondence has subsisted between us since the above fatal period. But if *Agamemnon* withdrew himself he still left a *Paris* behind to console me.

Sir Robert Harland, the next day informed me, that my late admirer was so exceedingly offended, that it would render my longer continuance, in the same hotel, very disagreeable; —I therefore departed, taking lodgings at the Hotel de la Reine, Rue des Bons Enfants.—I was no sooner settled in my new apartment, than one of my servants told me that my husband

* Sir R***** H*****.

band lodged in the same house, and as he was the *last man* in the world whom I wished to see, I instantly took leave of the landlord, and went to Madame Lafar's Hotel, Rue Caumartin; a *lady* who happily possesses the *convenient accommodating* talents of obliging all her guests, both male and female, never asking impertinent questions, and being perfectly indifferent as to the mode of arrangement amongst them. In this hotel I found the *famous* Colonel Mc. Carthy, who was pleased to *honour* me with his *particular* attention. By this gentleman I was introduced to the Marquis de Genlis, whose superb hotel was the constant receptacle of all the *elegants* of that once luxurious city.—*This nobleman*, in his youth, had been the most accomplished *petit maitre* of the day, and in the decline of life, when I knew him, he reminded me very much, both in his dress and address, of our old Duke of Q——. The French Marquis, however, was rather more celebrated for hospitality than the Scotch Duke.—When I retrace in my imagination the nocturnal orgies, and every refinement of luxury, that was visible in this temple of voluptuousness, contrasting it
with

with the present gloomy scene, which my mind pictures to itself, I, in some measure, forget my own sorrows: The Graces, I am told, have entirely abandoned that city, where they had so long resided,—Stern, inexorable republican virtue has usurped the empire which they once held, and politics now supply the place of gallantry and love.—The ill-fated brother of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de Sillery, husband to the accomplished writer of that name, tainted by education with the prejudices of *aristocracy*, and vitiated by the long habits of Parisian debauchery, has lately suffered under the fatal axe of the guillotine; and this example, confirmed by so many others, ought to serve as a wholesome and most useful lesson, how, at this juncture, persons embark on the dangerous ocean of politics, unless they are really and honestly attached to the principles which they profess.—

The Jacobin Club is undoubtedly (whatever it may be in other respects) the most vigilant and enlightened corps of diplomacy in Europe. Innumerable instances have proved the impossibility
of

of escaping their keen, penetrating researches, and the least deviation from the path of the Constitution, (that is, from the unity and indivisibility of the Republic) is sure to meet detection, and to be followed by an ignominious death. Let us then implore the grace of Divine Providence to put an end to these horrors !

To resume the thread of my narrative—About the latter end of July, 1788, a Mr. Beckett, with whom I become acquainted, and for which acquaintance I am indebted to my old friend, Colonel Freemantle, *came to Paris*. He lived in the same hotel with myself, in the greatest splendour ; his table was continually crowded by persons of the highest rank, amongst whom were the late unfortunate Duc d'Orleans, the Ducs de Montmorenci, Pienne, Prince Louis d'Aremberg, Marquis de Bouille, &c. &c. &c.—Amidst my manifold misfortunes, I consider it some consolation that the persons with whom I have been acquainted were the most part distinguished for genius and talents, and this young man was remarkably so :—Mr. Beckett flattered me by his
addresses,

addressees, at a time when all the Parisian beauties were emulous with each other for his affections : whether it were vanity, affection, preference, or any sentiment bordering on self-love, I will not say ; but, living in the same hotel with him, he continually made choice of me as the Sultana to preside at his table, and I had the direction of all his entertainments. At the end of four months, after various oblique and fruitless hints, Madame Lafar became clamorous for payment of her bill, which amounted to the *small sum* of five hundred pounds. He drew bills upon his father for fifteen hundred pounds, which were the amount of his whole debts. A special courier was dispatched to England, and as the father would not, or could not, pay the extravagant demands of his son, the bills returned to Paris *protested*. In this situation I advised him to consult his own countrymen, then in Paris : He was at that time intimately acquainted with Lord Gillford, son of Lord Clanwilliam. This young nobleman assured him that he had only a few hours to determine on his escape, as he had private information that Madame Lafar meant to arrest him.—I must do Mr.

Beckett the justice to say, that it was with the utmost reluctance that he pursued the advice of his friends, as he expressed strong apprehensions for my safety; however, touched with his generosity, I became entirely regardless of myself, and positively *insisted on his flight*,—and he yielded obedience.—He had not departed many hours before all his creditors were in an uproar; the hue and cry was raised, that an Englishman had run away for his debts: the police officers were sent after him, but returned with sorrowful countenances, their mission unaccomplished.—

Madame Lafar, *who, poor dear woman! was* the principal sufferer, now turned all her vengeance against me, knowing that I had a travelling post-chaise and a chariot, together with several valuable effects; on these articles she fixed *her attention*, determined to plunder me.

Two days after Mr. Beckett left Paris I was, while on a visit at Madame Smith's, informed by Mr. Robert Knight, (another of the few good men I have found in the world) that his carriage
had

had just been furrounded by a party of armed ruffians, inquiring for me, and he had scarcely uttered the words when the house of Madame Smith was beset by at least an hundred men, preceded by Mr. de Lomprey, exempt de police. *My friends*, alarmed for my situation, (for I was seven months advanced in pregnancy) intreated the exempt to dismiss his followers—Mr. Knight kindly pledging himself to be responsible for any complaint which they had to make against me. Mr. de Lomprey replied, “that he had a *lettre de cachet* from the King, ordering me to close “confinement in the *Hotel de la Force*.” My valuable *friend*, who was a young man of very independent fortune, would not suffer this arbitrary act of power to be exercised against an helpless woman, without first demanding that satisfaction to which he thought me entitled. He, therefore, at *that late hour*, went to the Duke of Dorset, the *English Ambassador*: his Grace was from home: thus I was obliged to go, at two o’clock in the morning, to the mansion of slavery, the *Hotel de la Force*. I had with me my infant son, then only two years old. The innocence of this

this tender lamb, who seemed sensible that some misfortune had happened, overcame what resolution I possessed; he held *up his little hands* and cried out, “Oh! you shall not hurt *my Mother!*” Mr. Knight, however, comforted me by every assurance of protecting the child, and carried him away in his carriage, having first attended me himself to the wretched apartment destined for me. A miserable *bed of straw*, with one wretched blanket, was all the furniture in the room, and the floor was completely covered with vermin. ’Till this moment I was a stranger to prisons; therefore my mind was more sensible to the *shock*: but even now that I have been habituated to the horrors of confinement, I cannot conceive such a dreadful epitome of wretchedness as this vile dungeon, on mature reflection, still appears to be; and, for the sake of humanity, I fervently pray, that if it be not already done, the new government of France may utterly destroy similar *abominations*.

—My woman, the faithful partner of all my misfortunes, accompanied me, nor could even this spectacle of horror induce her to forsake her mistress.

mistress. We passed the few remaining hours
 conversing on the sudden transition *of fortune*—
 I wished to convince her of the mutability of
 human happiness—In three days I was reduced
 from scenes of pleasure and tranquility to my
 present wretched condition! As soon as day
 approached, we examined our sad habitation: the
 first object that struck my eye was a huge tremen-
 dous padlock, projecting from the ceiling, and to
 which was fastened an immense *iron* collar. We
 could not at first imagine the use of this frightful
 instrument; but my poor, faithful attendant soon
 guessed it, and exclaimed, “O, Madam! it is to
 “fasten us up at night!” She had scarce uttered
 these words when the jailer appeared, (for, in
 France, it is a duty exacted from the keeper of
 such a place to pay personal attendance to the
 unfortunate *in his power* :) he had a great bunch
 of keys in his hand: he walked up to me, and
 immediately cried out, “*Oh, Ciel! quel dommage!*”
 adding, that he had received orders from the gov-
 ernment to treat me with the greatest respect.
 This civil Frenchman ended his harangue by
 requesting me to give him permission to order my
 breakfast.

breakfast. I thanked him for his politeness, but declined receiving any refreshment until my friends came to me. At a very early hour (before noon) Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Western, the present member for Malden, paid me a visit. These gentlemen, in concert with Capt. Winder, of the guards, were for ever employed to obtain my liberty, availing themselves of a most necessary and humane law that exists in France, prohibiting the imprisonment of pregnant women for debt. If such laws were in full force under the most despotic government of Europe, how much more consistent were it in force under that which calls itself the most free? Aged persons were also exempt from this penalty; but here our ears are for ever stunned with the sound of liberty and humanity! women in the pangs of childbed—men in the agonies of death, (such instances have occurred) in virtue of a sheriff's writ, may be dragged to the most *loathsome jail*. Were it not then devoutly to be wished, that our legislators, instead of empty panegyric, would afford us a little of the substance? In my own opinion, who have done some experience in these cases, the reason why
such

such horrible laws are suffered to exist, is under the supposition of their being seldom or ever executed ; the fact, however, is notoriously otherwise ; at all events, policy, as well as mercy, requires, *the* national character demands, that the life of freemen should not be exposed to the discretion, or depend on the pity, of a sheriff's officer.

Madame Lafar, alarmed, lest I should escape out of the snare she had laid, endeavoured to persuade my friends I was not in the predicament described ; but all her projects failed, as they insisted on a consultation of the faculty, who ascertained my pregnancy ; at the same time expressing apprehensions of immediate labour from the sudden revolution I had undergone. In this situation, a female of my acquaintance (although by no means a lady of rigid virtue, not therefore less susceptible of generosity and compassion) immediately repaired to Monsieur Pacquet, then first President of the Parliament of Paris, relating the circumstance, and at the same time giving a miniature picture of me. This gentleman went the following day to Versailles, and
informing

informing Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, *the late King's* brothers, of my misfortune, they, with a generous sympathy rarely to be found in princes, and which causes me to lament most bitterly their sad reverse of fortune, took pity on my situation and became my advocates; and in a few hours I received his Majesty's order for my release. The Comte d'Artois, in particular, entered into the hardships of my case, and on delivering the King's signature, cancelling the letter de cachet, advised that I should put myself under protection of his palace,* signifying that Mr. Beckett's creditors might then proceed against me in a court of law. The instant I returned from prison, I went accordingly to the Place du Temple, where I had not remained many hours before I received a visit from the Duc de F——, another nobleman who also boasts of royal blood in his veins, but whose actions unfortunately were not calculated to efface those unfavourable prepossessions with which I had been inspired by a similar conduct in *a truly* royal Duke,

who

* The Temple at Paris, where Louis XVI. and the royal family were confined, was formerly a palace occupied by the Comte d'Artois, and its environs afforded protection to unhappy insolvent debtors.

who now makes such a capital figure on the theatre of European politics. The familiar epithet applied to the ci-devant Duc de F—— in Paris, (that loyal and renowned emigrant) was an *escroc* (in English signifying sharper or Greek). All I can say is, that I have no reason to dispute the propriety of the application.

In my new abode I had soon the mortification to learn from my servants, that my two carriages, together with all my clothes and jewels, were seized by Mr. Beckett's creditors, so that I was, in an instant, stripped of every necessary, in a country where I had no connections but such as had been formed on the principles of interest. Thus circumstanced, a young Irish nobleman, in whose favour I had made an exception, and from my general opinion of his friendship I had confidence, I frankly communicated what had befallen me, and received from his Lordship every assurance of *protection*; but his fortune not being adequate to his generosity, he immediately proposed a subscription amongst my friends then in Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours I

I I

found

found myself, through their exertions, in possession of two hundred and fifty louis d'or's.

I have before observed, that adversity is the true criterion of friendship, and I am bound in gratitude to render justice to that virtue in the French nation.

In France I ever met with the greatest humanity, tempered with delicacy and politeness; and if my misfortunes, during the latter part of my residence in that country, called for the aid of others, I also received it; at the same time it was always conveyed in a manner which reflected honour on the generous donors, ever unaccompanied with those disgusting marks of ostentation which too frequently attend acts of pecuniary relief.

I remained six months in the Temple, and returned to England ten days before that *glorious* epoch, the 14th of July, 1789, when Frenchmen threw off for ever THE YOKE OF SLAVERY. Oh! may that day yield an awful and impressive lesson! It forms an æra replete with events still in the
womb

womb of time to produce. It threatens destruction to long established systems—to long established orders. It presages revolution, and strikes at those antique governments, in defence of which so many of my ancestors have bled.

Should they have bled in vain, and if a new order of things be destined to succeed, may humanity still profit by the change ! may a more equal distribution of sublunary enjoyments banish from the face of the earth those scenes of horror that have so long tortured the sight and disgraced the policy of social institutions ! Perhaps the Millennium, so long and so anxiously anticipated, is at hand, when nations will be linked in one fraternal bond—when civil discord and foreign wars shall cease to desolate the world. Whichever party may prevail in this tremendous crisis, my only prayer is, that it may terminate to the advantage and improvement of the human race !—The reader will pardon these frequent digressions ; they arise naturally from the subject, and are the spontaneous emanations of a soul fraught with sensibility, and glowing with
zeal

zeal for the general happiness and improvement of mankind. I have formerly experienced from Frenchmen compassion and generosity; and I have sometimes found those virtues in the English. Born in America, and resident many years in England, I feel no local partialities, no prepossessions or disgusts—my country is the world! and whatever the political sentiments of others may be, I consider it the duty of citizens to yield implicit submission to the laws of that government under which they live.

Passing eighteen months in France, under her ancient monarchy, I had the opportunity of manifesting my respect to the laws which then existed; and if I were at present in that nation, now that it has judged proper to adopt the republican form of government, I should hold myself equally bound, faithfully to obey the laws of that Republic.

Such are my opinions, which I believe are founded in truth and justice, and I should be ever emulous to preserve the character of a
peaceful,

peaceful, and, I hope, in future, to add, of a *virtuous* citizen.

It is the fashion amongst us, vehemently and outrageously to condemn the French for the excesses and cruelties they have committed; but we must in candour allow, that in the progress of this war they have been at least equalled in acts of cruelty by the Prussians and Austrians, and far surpassed therein by their own emigrants. Very lately an account was transmitted to the convention, by one of its commissioners at Lisle, of an Austrian foldier taken prisoner, on searching whom it was discovered that his cartridges were poisoned, which at once explained the cause of that amazing mortality which had prevailed amongst the French wounded foldiers.

Monsieur Beaulieu, an Austrian general, on a late occasion, previous to an engagement, likewise signified to his troops that prisoners were only an incumbrance, in consequence of which the foldiers took *the hint* and gave no quarter.

What tender heart then but recoils from those
dreadful

dreadful proscriptions and executions which now daily take place in that distracted country ! but as in morals, it would be held madness to harbour in our bosom a serpent to sting us to death ; so in politics, the maxim holds equally good. France cannot be denied to have contained innumerable enemies within her bosom, and from the exterminating principles of this destructive war, which operate equally on both sides, it is evident if she wished to consolidate her government, that if she do not strive to destroy those enemies they will finally succeed to destroy the republic. Let us then be just amidst the violence of revolutionary paroxysms. We are not to expect *that* temper and moderation which ought to be the basis of settled, tranquil governments, but which (we fatally experience) is too seldom the characteristics of such governments.

To return to my subject :—When I arrived in London, I sent to my house in New Cavendish-street, desiring a female servant, whom I had left in charge of it, to come to the hotel. She gave me to understand, that although several of my
creditors

creditors were much dissatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vaughan had disposed of the money destined to settle their demands, still they were by no means inclined to harass me. These assurances encouraged me to return to my own house, and in a few days I called a meeting of all my unsatisfied creditors (acting in this instance as my own attorney :) from them I obtained a letter of licence ; I however was so foolish as to ask for only six months indulgence, when they would readily have granted it for as many years ; there were, nevertheless, two obdurate, ungrateful creditors, linen drapers of Oxford-street, who, regardless of the many obligations which they owed to me and my friends, thought proper to arrest me, contrary to the opinion of all the rest who had any claims against me. With these men I had dealt for years, in which time they had both received from me several hundred pounds, and now they thought proper to have me confined for the moderate sum of three hundred and fifty pounds : my own attorney civilly leaving me in a spunging-house, to get out as I could. In this hour of distress, when friendship makes the deepest impression, a
gentleman

gentleman* of Furnival's Inn came fortunately to the house, and hearing of my confinement, generously became my bail. And here let me again pour forth the tribute of a grateful heart ! but words are inadequate to express the sense that I have of *his* liberality and kindness. Unacquainted with the chicanery, villainy, and hard-heartedness of other lawyers, from which I have so cruelly suffered, from certain experience, he rose, in my opinion, above every man in his profession. He found me beset by plunderers, Jews, and swindlers, combined to rob me of what property I possessed. The sufferings I had hitherto endured had not operated the necessary conviction, or hindrance, in choice of acquaintance : I have ever been the dupe of the worthless part of both sexes ; and, at this time, I was stupidly infatuated with the society of a certain Jewess.—

—This woman possessed several natural good qualities, qualities which far over-balanced her faults ; and as it is impossible for any human production to be perfect, I overlooked her imperfections,

* Mr. Chambers.

perfections, and adopted her as my bosom friend. Mrs. G—— had a mother who was ever in league with bailiffs and low attornies, and often have both her daughter and myself suffered from her unnatural intrigues.

—In the month of November, 1789, it was necessary that I should either surrender to Mr. Chambers, or settle the debts for which he was answerable. I therefore consulted this female serpent, whom I had nursed in my bosom to sting me; she gave it as her advice, that it would be prudent for me to call upon the plaintiff's attorney, who, she was pleased to remark, would be happy to become one of my humble *slaves*. Eager to exonerate my good friend Mr. Chambers, from any danger, on my account, I applied to an attorney of Ely-place, and proposed to give security for the debt in which he was concerned. This *accomplished limb of the law*, seeing me in a splendid equipage, agreed to accept my own terms, and insinuated himself so far into my good opinion, that he afterwards completely ruined me, plundering me *of the last guinea*. I

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have

have since learned that Mr. P——, in order to enhance his own costs, made it his business to discover the credulous part of my creditors, whose debts being small, were prevailed on to sue me; and in one of these instances, I can attest that I was taken in execution for five pounds, and paid twenty for it. Fourteen days after I had agreed to employ Mr. P——, he delivered to me his bill of costs, *modestly* making me his debtor two hundred and twenty-two pounds. I had, at this time, three hundred and fifty pounds to receive from Mr. Giffard, and as it was not immediately convenient for the latter gentleman to advance the money, I requested this virtuous practitioner, this ornament of *attorneyship*, to wait a few weeks for payment; but he had far other views; he had a scheme in agitation, which entirely precluded all impertinent clamours of conscience. He, as I have before observed, was instructed with my circumstances, and while I was loaded with various debts, some of which were enormous, he took a lawyer-like and *conscientious* advantage of my female weakness, seducing me to make over all the furniture of my house to him—a delusion that

that finally led to my *destruction*. I could wish to speak with moderation concerning this man, but my wrongs are such, that, waving irony, I must intreat permission to speak with freedom. The very moment I had executed the bond which made him master of my effects, he sent one *Ross*, a sheriff's officer, to take possession of them, although he had given me his *sacred word* OF HONOUR, that he would never proceed, unless to protect me from other executions. Not satisfied with this base and perfidious act, he was also the person who advised another creditor to sue me for sixty pounds. On hearing of this writ, I was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, and on the next day, when I sent one of my servants to my house for a change of clothes, they were refused; the man in possession signifying, that he had positive orders not to suffer any property to be taken out of the house. In this dilemma, I once more applied to my much valued and *never-failing friend*, Mr. G*****, and received from him two hundred pounds, which I paid to this IMMACULATE attorney, requesting he would withdraw the execution. He answered,
that

that the sum was not sufficient, (although he was pleased to take it) as his demand was now increased to fifty pounds more ; therefore, he persisted in selling the effects, and I have never, to this hour, received any account from him, although it is pretty well known, that the produce of that sale brought him a very considerable sum of money, besides the two hundred pounds I had before advanced him.

—His next object was my coach, but that he might get it in his possession with as much *decency* as possible, he *affected* to secure to himself, by an assignment to a friend. Fool as I was, after my experience, I consented to his proposal, and had he desired me to sign my own death-warrant (such was the *ascendancy* he had then over me,) I verily believe that I should have obeyed the proceedings of this VIRTUOUS practitioner.

I had not long executed the assignment, before my coach was seized in behalf of his brother-in-law, a linen-draper, and sold (or rather given away) for one hundred and twenty pounds, although I
had

had paid Mr. Godfal four hundred pounds for it, and never used it more than eight months.

—The next step of this truly honest attorney was to get my person seized, and it is a fact well known, that the monster, under pretence of taking me before the late Lord Chancellor, on business, sold me to bailiffs. Thus I was arrested, and dragged to a spunging-house, where I was locked up seven weeks ; during which time, I employed myself in endeavouring to arrange my affairs. It was repeatedly proposed to me to make an application to my friends ; but unaccustomed to solicit favours, I declined the proposal, and reconciled myself to the idea of ending my days in a prison.

—In this spunging-house I remained until Easter term, 1790, when I was compelled to take up my abode in the King's Bench : and now I consider it a tribute of justice due from me not to confound the liberal creditor with the designing, wicked Shylocks who condemned me to prison, having met with the greatest indulgence and liberality from all my principal creditors.

They

They who oppressed me were the persons who had the least right to do so; and, sorry am I to say, to the utter disgrace *of my own sex*, that the two creditors whose cruelty and inflexible obstinacy obliged me to continue *two years* in the King's Bench, were women, milliners; one of whom had been in the habit of cheating me for a number of years. When I balanced accounts with her, I had receipts for fourteen hundred pounds, and yet the conscience of this *honest woman* (for she is married) did not scruple to declare, that she would never release me, until I either paid three hundred pounds, or gave security for the like sum.

—A young man of fashion, who was at that time unable to extricate me out of my difficulties, wished to awaken the feelings of this married *lady*, this paragon of her sex! and intreated her to remember, that my situation claimed *some compassion*, for I was then pregnant with my youngest son, whom I mentioned in the beginning of these Memoirs. She replied, that it was quite immaterial whether I was brought to bed in a *prison* or elsewhere.

elfewhere. Soaring above the feelings of humanity, this dealer in flimsy, smuggled commodities, persisted in pursuit of her dearly loved self, and forced me to endure all the miseries of a loathsome jail. Torn from the bosom of my native country, I bore my sorrows in silence, unknown, unpitied ! having met with few friends disinterested enough to prove their regard while I was incapable of making them any return. Such is the instability of mankind ! While we can administer to their pleasures, or gratify their vanity, they are our abject slaves ; the scene once changed, then adieu to friendship ! Thus situated, destitute of all support, except such as the precarious benevolence of a few friends allowed me, I was advised to sue my husband for a separate maintenance, who, regardless of the ties of honour and duty, was publicly living with a woman of *notorious character*, whom he still suffers to *assume my name*, and I am told he has even the indecency to introduce her into several respectable families, calling her his wife.* But to clear up the deception, I
 beg

* Mr. John Coghlan resides in Chester Place, London, and the Isle of Thanet, County of Kent.

beg leave to say, although it be *a title* I never fought, it is my misfortune *still to drag* those horrid chains of matrimony and SLAVERY which never can be dissolved but by *his* death or *mine*.

The action which I exhibited against him, proving, from the most respectable witnesses, his cruelties, gained me the support that my necessities then called for, but not before I had endured every misery that hunger, cold and confinement could inflict.

Sir William Scott, the Judge of the Consistory Court of London, sentenced my husband to allow me one hundred and seventy pounds a year, during the time that our cause was depending. He refusing to comply with the decree, was publicly excommunicated in his own parish church, St. George's, Hanover-square. Under these deplorable circumstances, the time now approached when I was to suffer ten thousand additional horrors :—My friends, more anxious to preserve my life than I was, had provided a gentleman of the faculty to attend me during my lying-in :
when

when I was taken ill he was sent for, who being from home could not reach the King's Bench before ten o'clock. At that hour it is the constant and often *fatal* practice to shut the gates, whereby many an innocent and valuable life has been lost. Any attempt to break through this barbarous custom would have been vain. The life of a woman is not considered as worth preservation at the expence of breaking through the established rules of a jail. Nevertheless, humanity bleeds in reflecting on these abuses, sanctioned by law, which are still allowed to exist without an effort from those in whom the power is vested to remove them.

In this critical and lamentable state I remained several hours, struggling with death. The only professional man in the place was a very young surgeon, who at first offered his assistance, but afterwards declined it, considering my situation too dangerous for him to be of any service; however, his delicacy was afterwards over-ruled, and, owing to his kind interference, I was snatched from death, to be reserved for a series

of new calamities. Delivered from the agonies of child-bed, my infant was suffered to remain naked for two days ; for, alas ! the unfortunate mother had not clothes even for herself !—In this deplorable state we both continued, till an unknown friend, touched with compassion, remitted me a few guineas.

I should commit an injury against my own feelings, if I did not here declare, that I have every reason to believe myself indebted for this humane act to Mr. Walker, the late Marshal of the King's Bench, as I afterwards experienced from him every kind attention possible for one fellow-creature to shew another.—May I, on this occasion, be permitted to hold forth myself as an example to the giddy, dissipated fair ones of my sex, now, perhaps, in full enjoyment of the smiles and adulation of men ? Beware, then, ye lovely victims of their crocodile caresses ! while the sunshine of fortune beams around you—while the bloom of beauty lasts and the charms of novelty hold their sway, waste not your precious hours in unprofitable idleness and wild extravagance ;

extravagance : make the false dissemblers, while they pay homage to your beauty, provide also for your interest : lay up stores against a *rainy day*. I, like you, when I thought myself beloved, now too late discover that all was flattery : the tempest came unexpectedly on—none of my gay friends approached at my bidding—I was left to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm in a horrid jail, naked and penniless, with a new-born infant at my breast, crying for the sustenance that famished nature refused ! and when my former gay companions, on whom I vainly thought I could depend, kept all aloof, I was relieved, at last, by the fortuitous generosity of an utter stranger. Let me hope, therefore, my fate will serve as a lesson to others, that they may not founder on the rock on which I am wrecked.—

Five weeks after my lying-in, a message came from Mr. Walker, signifying that he wished to see me : I was shewn to his house, where, after lamenting, in the kindest terms, the hardships I had suffered, he declared how much he was concerned to see in a prison a woman, who, he was
pleased

pleased to say, deserved a better fate ; and, at the same time, with a delicacy peculiar to liberal minds, and incompatible, one should have thought, with his situation, intreated me to accept a trifle as a pledge of his friendship,—giving into my hand a piece of paper, which, on my return to my apartment, I found to contain three guineas, with these lines :—“ Never, while “ you remain here, neglect applying to me in “ your moments of pecuniary want.”—My adverse stars soon deprived me of this new friend, who was, shortly afterwards, seized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, leaving behind an amiable character, well worthy of his successor’s imitation. May he, like Mr. Walker, remember, that he is placed in a situation where he has all the most important duties of humanity to perform, and in which a neglect of them would be still more criminal than the just and liberal performance of them would be amiable and meritorious. Nevertheless, I must ingeniously confess, speaking of the King’s Bench prison, (and I am told other prisons are still more wretched) that the evil exists in itself ; and although

though a jailor may certainly correct the horrors of the system, yet it is impossible for him effectually to remove it. The corruptions of a jail, according to the present establishment, call aloud for legislative interference; and while such corruptions are acknowledged on all sides, there can be only one reason why no attempt is made to destroy them, and that is the immense emoluments derived therefrom by the principal and subaltern practitioners of the law. It is not the partial delusive scheme of oppression against a few wretched attornies that can produce any material benefit; it may serve as a temporary manœuvre to reconcile us to the barbarous practice a little while longer. But the whole Augean stable must be cleansed. It is not the *petty rogue* that constitutes the great nuisance: we must go through all the different gradations of the infamy before we can hope to render any effectual service: experience enables me to speak with decision on this subject, and all I can say is, that if every other department of government is in the same corrupt state, as that of which I am now speaking,

speaking, we are in a deplorable condition indeed.

Having imbibed my political principles at an early age, amongst citizens struggling for freedom, and where now every individual is equally privileged, and equally protected by the law, I cannot but inveigh against partial immunities, and the propensity which the English people betray to deprive their fellow-creatures of that liberty of which they so inconsistently boast. Not but a rational discrimination ought necessarily to be kept up between fraud and imprudence, villany and misfortune; nothing can more fully demonstrate the negligence and insensibility of government than that they should be confounded indiscriminately together, that no distinction should be made between them: yet such most unfortunately is the case, and what aggravates, beyond measure, this grievance, is, that the man who enters a prison, honest and virtuous, seldom fails, during his abode therein, to contract the vilest habits, and to be ever after unfit for society.

Thus it is the height of impolicy and cruelty
to

to make no distinction between the unfortunate debtor and the designing fraudulent swindler; for, although the justice of the legislature should provide a punishment for the one, a certain and more lenient degree of protection than has hitherto been adopted, ought surely to be held out to the other. But the interest of lawyers does not require such discriminations to be made, and therefore it is judged right, that things should remain as they are. They forever tell us, they cannot be better.

How long will this infatuation last! Oh Englishmen! let it no more be said, that, with passive, ignoble tameness, ye suffered a servile race of mercenary, corrupt, vindictive lawyers, to forge the chains of hard captivity for your free-born limbs! ye have a constitution, whose leading principle, ye are told, is liberty, sacred, immortal liberty! ye have a king, who is said ardently to desire the prosperity of all his people. Cherish, then, this sacred principle of your constitution; accomplish the desires of your virtuous king; rouse from your torpor; the lion slumbereth,

bereth, he is not dead ; but, oh ! whenever he shall awake, whenever his wrath shall be kindled, let him know to distinguish in his rage ; let none but the guilty bleed !

The news of Mr. Walker's sudden death caused me many poignant reflections ; as the horrors of confinement were, in some measure, lessened, while I considered myself under the custody of that gentleman, and not under the controul of a mercenary jailor ; for this lucrative sinecure (such in fact it is) too generally falls to the lot (I say it without meaning to offend any individual) of the most worthless or insignificant characters : men, not selected from any particular merit that would render them fit for the office ; not distinguished for their disinterestedness, charity, or diligent attention to the wants and morals of the prisoners ; but appointed merely as relations, or dependants, on my Lord Chief Justice of the day, who, for the most part, (if not always) takes care to saddle them with a VERY HEAVY RIDER.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, the arrival in England of my amiable friend, the father of my
children,

children, revived my hopes, nor were they disappointed. He at once administered to my wants, and cheered my sorrows. The excellence of Mr. B*****'s heart, was my security with him against those frivolous and ungenerous excuses, which, in the hour of adversity, it has been my lot to receive from so many others, whom also I had once thought my friends : he embraced the earliest opportunity of visiting me in my confinement, and instantly took the children under his protection ; the youngest of whom was, at that time, only three months old. It is a very harsh trait in the human creature, (nevertheless, I fear it is too faithful a one,) that calumny is, generally, the most busy against those who most want comfort and protection.

While I was suffering all the complicated miseries of a loathsome jail, insinuations to my disadvantage were most malignantly and industriously propagated, with the cruel design of ruining me in the opinion and affection of this my best friend ; but, superior to all illiberal prejudice, and making every allowance for my solitary and unhappy situa-

tion, he would not consent to abandon me, so that these cruel efforts of my enemies, most of whom I have discovered to exist in the circle of my own acquaintance, ended in disappointment and abortion; and I ingeniously confess, that my vanity exulted in the triumph which I achieved on this occasion, and my heart was preserved from the shock it would have sustained, had the father of my children, to complete the sum of my misfortunes, withdrawn his countenance and affection from them; but, I trust in Providence that I am not reserved for this additional calamity!—Mr. B*****'s finances could by no means keep pace with the liberality of his mind, and in my distressed circumstances it was absolutely necessary to find out some other source of relief: I therefore, in the month of March, 1791, (Mr. Coghlan being then involved in a law-suit with his niece, Lady Blake) by the advice of my proctor, (Mr. Walker, of Doctors Commons) petitioned the Court of Delegates, before whom the said cause was to be heard. A petition from his wife, dated from a prison, to which his brutality had condemned her, alarmed his tender feelings; and thus,

thus, as I have already observed, I obtained a present supply, and a promise of an adequate settlement, on condition that I would withdraw the petition. To this I consented, and the result of my compliance was, a mutual agreement to execute articles of separation, which are, *more-over* and *nevertheless*, as the gentlemen of the robe are pleased to term it, only during our mutual pleasure; the last clause of my deed of settlement compelling me *to return home to this kind, affectionate husband* whenever his caprice should induce him to require it.

Thus separated from him, on the 26th of December, 1791, I received security for an annuity of an hundred pounds for my life, subject to the condition above mentioned. But, alas! I had no sooner obtained it, than the accomplished, virtuous milliner who had so essentially contributed to my distresses, by encouraging me in that stupid system of extravagance on which her present fortune was raised, and which exalted her to the enviable rank of an honest married lady, like a tygres darting upon the wretched victim of her
savage

savage appetite, seized on me, insisting that I should give immediate security for her debt—a debt contracted for *gew-gaw frippery and tinselled, flimsy trumpery*. I had already, in the course of a very short time, paid this *harpy* fourteen hundred pounds, for articles of this like description. The humane reader will revolt with abhorrence on finding that this woman, after such emoluments derived from my folly, should proceed against me for another debt of *three hundred pounds*, which, I am morally convinced, I did not owe; but for which she absolutely compelled me to assign over fifty pounds a year of my annuity to her, for the four ensuing years, which now helps to support her and a banker's clerk, whom she has lately taken to her *virtuous bed*, in the ease and luxury which they seem to enjoy. When it is remembered how many unfortunate, unexperienced women this extortioner has plundered, not only with impunity but success—how many wretched female captives she has held (and I believe still holds) in jail—the fortune she has acquired by constant impositions on youthful folly and credulity,—it must excite regret that there are no laws
in

in force to stop the depredations of similar miscreants, almost as great nuisances in society as those low pettyfogging attornies with whom, for the most part, they are connected, and between whom such an attractive sympathy exists. For my own part, I am so well acquainted with their enormous charges, and the fatal consequences of them, that I would rather trust for mercy to the tenderness of a wolf, than to a civilized barbarian like the lady of whom I am now speaking; and I am convinced, from woeful experience, that the generality of persons in trade, with whom unprotected females have any pecuniary dealings, would be over-paid in receiving one third of their over-charged, extravagant demands.—The reader may believe this picture exaggerated, but I can assure him *it is not*; hundreds of thoughtless women, besides myself, having fallen within her snares, and from her may date their ruin. To her alone I am indebted for *two years* close confinement in a jail, where wretchedness and vice of every description rule triumphant—where no remedy is applied to the relief of one, or the suppression of the other—where every comfort, every virtue,

is

is left to depend on the guinea in our pockets, and where they who have it not have only the casual charity of prisoners themselves to depend on.

There, even in that gloomy mansion! I have often beheld vice and insensibility triumphant; virtue and tenderness of heart dejected and in tears. The unfortunate friend, whose amiable confidence has involved him in debts he was unable to pay, I have here beheld languishing, in want of those necessaries which in happier days he himself had so freely administered to others. The veteran foldier, all covered with wounds which he had received in battle in the service of his king, I have there beheld dying with hunger, naked and forsaken, cast on the common side, a prey to filth and vermin, too proud and conscious of his own merit to expose his emaciated forlorn figure to the curious researches of his fellow prisoners, chusing rather to die than trust to precarious bounty, sensible of his just claims on those with whom pity, alas! is so seldom resident. During my residence in the King's Bench, the gallant
 Captain

Captain Abbot, of the royal artillery, than whom no man in the army had ever served with more distinguished merit, died, literally in that prison, through want, in the situation which I have described. This brave man had a wife and three children, who were all drowned on their voyage from America. But all *his sufferings*, all his services, were of no avail! he was thus left to die without a single enquiry from the part of government concerning him; and to the immortal honour of a noble Duke, (M——r G——l of the ordnance) taken advantage of his imprisonment, he suspended him from his situation, as captain in the royal artillery. Oh! that I could for ever efface the dreadful scene from my memory! as it was my misfortune to have known the gentleman of whom I now speak in America, but the impression is too deep on my heart.

Shortly after the death of this my lamented friend, I obtained my release from the King's Bench, but not from the liberality of those who confined me; on the contrary, I was under the necessity of pleading my coverture in the Court
of

of King's Bench, where I obtained a rule of court to set aside a deed which I had formerly signed, and which my situation as a married woman made illegal. Thus I was for a time liberated from confinement, and in the month of January following I had occasion to summon up all my fortitude. Although superstition be a failing to which I am by no means addicted, still the following circumstance may, in the opinion of some, expose me to the suspicion of being under the influence of that frailty:—In all my days of dissipated pleasure and heart-rending afflictions, never did an hour pass that my father did not present himself to my imagination. At this time I dreamed I beheld his funeral, with my youngest brother as his chief mourner, and on the coffin of the deceased lay a bleeding heart. This dream made such an effect upon my senses, that no person could induce me to believe my father was not actually dead; and such was the ascendancy of my fears, that I absolutely put on deep mourning on the occasion. In my sable robes I one day met Colonel Small, (an old friend of my father's) who expressed much surprise

prise on seeing me arrayed in these melancholy emblems of grief, and inquired into the cause. I replied, it were not from these outward signs of sorrow he was to judge, as what I suffered for the loss of a much loved father surpassed all shew. The Colonel answered, "Your father is
 "in perfect health, as I am informed by Colonel
 "Kemble, who received letters from him early
 "in December."

It was a vain attempt of his friends to persuade me; the dream had made such a deep impression on my mind that I persisted to express a certain conviction that he was dead, and gone to receive the reward of his many virtues; and, alas! the following month realized my fatal apprehensions respecting his death, as he had finished his mortal career on the 10th of December, 1791, in the city of New-York, having burst an artery of his heart.

To leave the world with the high reputation which he enjoyed, should ever be the bright emulation of man. He was universally and

most justly beloved by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by three hundred people, his pall borne by eight of the principal gentlemen of New-York; and he was interred in Trinity Church, in the same tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the last request that his ashes should be mixed with my father's.—How different the end of his near relation and friend, the late Colonel Moncrieffe,²² lately killed, fighting in the cause of the combined powers, before the walls of Dunkirk!—His kindness to me was never interrupted. He was wont to sympathise with my sorrows, and to take compassion on my follies: and it was so much the more cruel that I should lose him at a moment when *friends* are so very, very scarce. Oh! that I could have evinced my gratitude by attending the brave dying soldier in his last moments! I would have bound his bleeding wound, and, without respect to political opinions, dropping the sympathetic tear over his mangled corpse, have cheerfully braved the danger that put a period to his existence!

My

My father's death now drew upon me once more the attention of my creditors, who always considered me entitled to a fortune when that event should take place. But such was the hapless fate of the surviving children of this gallant hero, that they discovered the reward of their parent's loyalty to be—a total deprivation of all his property in America!—I had been only four months released from a long and dreadful confinement, inflicted on me by the laws of a free country, when I was again arrested, and committed, for the second time, a prisoner to the King's Bench; and, however repugnant to my own feelings, I found myself under the necessity of defending the unjust actions for which I was confined. In one of these causes I had occasion for more courage than I naturally possessed; but, supported by an honest, upright heart, I undauntedly repaired to the Court of King's Bench to meet my opponents, relying upon the candour of that honourable tribunal to afford me that justice which I claimed. Had my pursuit, like that of Diogenes, been seeking for an honest man, I should not, perhaps, have explored a court of
law,

law, wherein to find so rare an object: however, in the midst of my embarrassment and confusion, excited by the cause which brought me there, and by the indecent, impertinent questions put to me by the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. M——, I felt myself much relieved by the able defence made in my favour by that ornament of his profession, Mr. Erskine.²³

It is much to be lamented, that barristers, in the course of their professional pursuits, should consider themselves warranted in tormenting witnesses, (however respectable or entitled to their compassion) by the most cruel and irrelevant questions: I am sorry to observe, that the habitual practices of Mr. M—— expose him, perhaps, more than any other of his profession, to this censure. In saying this, I am aware that I say a great deal, but the little indulgence shewn to me by this advocate, under the most trying circumstances, warrants more than I have said; and it will be a satisfaction to me if this should ever reach him, and he should profit by the rebuke.

My

My brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, of the fixtieth regiment, now on half pay, could not be an idle spectator of my misfortunes. With him I continued in correspondence; he pitied my distress, and generously offered to divide his fortune with me, provided my creditors would consent to sign in my favour a letter of licence for a few years. At the same time he advanced a sum of money to raise my drooping head, and to sooth the miseries of the King's Bench prison. That heart which has ever made me an unsuspecting, unhappy victim to the over-reaching tricks of lawyers, again exposed me to suffer from them. The *vilest* of this profession are those who promise the *fairest*; and hence I again employed one of these hopeful plunderers of society, those pettyfoggers who live upon the distresses of the unfortunate, to defend the remaining actions for which I was confined, and to effect my liberation gave him sixty pounds of the money that had been given me by my brother; but, instead of pursuing *my* interest in the friendly manner I had a right to expect, the money was devoted to pay a debt wherein I suppose his own
 interest

interest was concerned. On this my brother again wrote to me, desiring me to take a copy of my grandfather's will out of Doctors Commons: with his desire I complied, and for this service I was indebted to my much esteemed friend, Mr. Walker, the proctor; and as the testator, my grandfather, left a large property in Hampshire, I found it necessary to visit that place. I therefore persisted in making every effort to emancipate myself from the King's Bench, and in consequence obtained what I desired. Therefore, last July I left town to pay a visit to my mother's relations, who reside at Portsmouth and in its neighbourhood. Soon after my arrival there I made it my business to make every enquiry after my grandfather's property, and considered it necessary to present my claim.

The gentleman who has so *honourably* possessed himself of the said estates is my cousin; but when I inform the reader that he is a *lawyer*, it will be a sufficient apology for his too scrupulous delicacy of conscience. This new-found relation affected to receive me with extreme tenderness, invited
me

me to see the pictures of all my ancestors, and gave me every encouragement to sue for my grandfather's *paternal* estate in Scotland, which he informed me had been seized by a distant relation, under the supposition that all our grandfather's deeds, &c. were lost with his widow, at the time she was drowned; but, on my observing that I had a copy of his will, proved in the prerogative court, which absolutely entitles myself and my brother to all his property, wherever we could find it, the honest lawyer seemed alarmed, particularly as I assured him my brother was determined to institute a suit in chancery for the purpose of establishing his claim.

My female cousins were the first to take alarm on my account, and they even went so far as to declare me an impostor. Thus I was under the necessity of applying to Colonel Mulcaster, commandant engineer at Portsmouth, who was, during my father's life-time, one of his friends, and who knew me from my childhood. From him I obtained a certificate that I was the real daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and wife to Mr. John Coghlan.

Coghlan. Thus having it in my power to confute the calumnies of *my good cousins*, I waited on a very near relation, a Captain in the royal navy, a gentleman distinguished for his maritime skill, and not less so for his private virtues. To him I confided my unhappy story, and received from him the advice to which adversity is entitled, but which it rarely receives. Platonic friendship men are apt to hold in mockery; and thence I was very soon accused of having kindled tenderer sensations in the bosom of my cousin, merely because he was a young widower, and had given me an invitation to his house, in which he offered me a secure retreat—an asylum from every future *storm*: and with this honest seaman I hoped to pass the remainder of my days, blessed with the affectionate smiles of *virtuous friendship*. But, alas! how transitory, how vain have my pursuits after tranquility and happiness been! I ever have grasped at a shadow—the substance I could never attain. The paths of life are strewn with thorns, and when we even gather the rose, we are unconscious for the moment of the briars that grow beneath it, and which, in one moment, destroy

froy the fugitive phantom that our imagination had raised.—This friend, who commanded a first rate man of war, was ordered to the West-Indies.

I now received an invitation from two aunts, who lived nine miles from Portsmouth. On my introduction to these good women, I, who ever detest falsehood, candidly acquainted them with every circumstance of my life; and my mournful tale had such an effect, that I was bedewed with the affectionate tears of two relations, my mother's sisters: They accused my husband as the author of all my sorrows, and were kind enough to observe, that a woman possessing such sensibility never could, *from choice*, pursue the dangerous paths of vice. Alas! had it been my good fortune to have discovered these amiable women when first I fatally left my unkind husband's roof, what misery should I have avoided! With them the beauty I possessed would have served to make me an object of tendernefs and compassion, at the same time that it would have set them on their guard against the snares placed against me. With them I might have resided free from guilt, and my heart, from

their instructions and example, would have learned to pity and to pardon even the faults of *him* to whom the customs of religion, although now so fashionably neglected, had united me.

When I returned to Portsmouth, the absence of my dear relation made me resolve to leave that place. I went therefore to Southampton, intending to make that town and Winchester my route to London. In the course of my journey I met with the Reverend Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Mr. Fazakerley: the former gentleman ever shared my esteem, and I only with Fortune had been more sparing of her favours to one brother, and more liberal to *him* who most deserved them. When I arrived at Southampton, it was impossible to obtain lodgings, the place was so crowded. The arrival of a certain wealthy Lord, of Jewish extraction, had thrown the town into a state of confusion;—not from any extraordinary merit his Lordship possessed,—not from any extraordinary strength of mind or body, like his namesake *Sampson*, the Jew of antiquity; but from that respect which riches always attract, even when
virtue

virtue and wisdom fail. Of this *accomplished, new-made* peer, it was my intention to have given the reader a finished portrait; but his Lordship, conscious of his own *excellencies*, through a singular and meritorious delicacy, has entreated me to be silent on this subject. As generosity has ever been the leading feature in my character, I will spare his exquisite sensibility the recital of those scenes in which he occasionally plays such a distinguished part, and in which he is reported so capitally to excel.—At Winchester my eyes were attracted by the number of poor French emigrants who reside in that city, six hundred and thirty of whom are daily fed by public subscription, and lodged in a palace of the most liberal and charitable prince that ever graced the throne of Great-Britain.—In London, the first scene that presented itself was a prison, to which place my old acquaintances, the sheriff's officers, without ceremony, conducted me. From thence I was almost instantly released, by the well-timed bounty of a perfect stranger: on thanking this stranger for his goodness, and requesting to know his name, he declined telling me to whom I was obliged, remarking,

remarking, that he felt a sufficient reward to rescue a pretty woman from the confines of a prison. This generous benefactor paid above forty pounds for my liberty, and I have never ceased to lament that I still am ignorant of his place of residence; that by a discovery of the latter, I might offer him the just tribute of a sincerely grateful heart. The object of his goodness, however, was not accomplished, for such generosity only provokes fresh attacks from the watchful creditor and his nefarious attorney. Arrest after arrest pursues me, from a hope that friends will not permit me to remain long in confinement. My whole debts it is impossible for me to pay, as they almost all arise from folly and extravagance, and far exceed my means; but on calculating all *my real debts*, I am certain four hundred pounds would discharge them. But to raise that sum, where is my hope? Alas! I have no other than in the gallantry and liberality of the British nation—a nation that stands eminently conspicuous on the rolls of fame for acts of charity and munificence! But let not ostentatious deeds, rehearsed with all the pomp of declamation and public acclaim, im-
 pede

pede the milder but not less meritorious performance of private benevolence :—I was nursed in the lap of luxury—my mind softened, and perhaps in some degree debauched by early enjoyments. In those hours I never wanted friends; it is only *now* that they keep far off! But let me hope this faint effort of a very imperfect pen, of one unused to literary essays, may still produce the means of soothing those sorrows by which her life has of late been embittered. She submits her simple narrative to the public, and particularly to that circle of society in which she herself was wont to figure with some degree of eclat. Let it not be said, that she who never sued in vain in the soft hours of luxurious dalliance, should now apply in vain, when she is fain to believe that she exhibits some testimony of her claim to their protection.

Other female candidates for their favour have formerly appealed to their generous indulgence; most of them also were, like her, unfortunate. It would ill become the author to say, if their pretentions were *worse* or *better* founded; as far
as

as her own opinion goes, the *wretched* are equally entitled to the patronage of the *rich*; the only distinction which ought to be made consists in this undeniable truth—the more wretched the individual, the more forcible that individual's claims. On this ground her pretensions are indisputable: but she has others, and she submits them, not only to the nation at large, but to the consideration of that *great personage*, within whose reach she sincerely hopes that her poor Memoirs may fall. Let him reflect, that she is of a family distinguished for their loyalty to *his person* and government—several of whom have bled, and some have died in his service. Ah! let not the sources of royal munificence be dried up! let the daughter of a man, known in person by his merit, not solicit in vain from the fountain of all mercy, or at least from that fountain where mercy ought to flow! Amidst the severe examples of punishment (perhaps of *necessary* punishment) that we now behold, let them not be unaccompanied with some few partial acts of Heaven-born Charity. The subject of these Memoirs is in deep distress—distress unknown to palaces, and may it never approach

approach them ! But, if the highest ranks keep aloof from poverty, where, alas ! is it to seek a shelter ? Let us look to the sad reverses incidental to the human lot : not long since, when the lofty turrets of Versailles seemed, as it were, to touch the skies—when the gay, thoughtless inhabitants thereof, perhaps too neglectful of those dreadful scenes that surrounded their gorgeous palaces, little dreamt of what was to befall them !—had they displayed more zeal, had they shewn more attention to private or public woe, it is not unlikely that all which has happened, and all which is likely to happen, might have been avoided.

In this country, renowned for its free and equal laws, where we are told there are no distinctions, let not Poverty be suffered to rear her ghastly mien ; let not the free-born spirit sink under the depression of indigence ! It is such dreadful abuses that damp the ardour of patriotic loyalty, and inspire disgust where all else would be zeal and gratitude.

It has been too often and barbarously alledged,
that

that persons bring their misfortunes on themselves, and therefore are entitled to no indulgence. Let such cruel, unjust objections be scouted : they are the spurious, miserable objections of proud Prosperity : Humanity rejects them. Are no allowances to be made for the frailties of inexperienced, unprotected youth ? Are the persons who raise the objection exempt from those very frailties they impute to others ? Oh, no ! but riches and power yield a shelter against every enormity.

“ Clothe sin with robes,

“ And the strong lance of justice hurtleß breaks :

“ Clothe it in rags,

“ A pigmies straw does break it ;

“ Robes and fur gowns hide all.” *

Such are the pitiful pretexts of Avarice, invented by Opulence, against the claims of Poverty !

If the throne would set an illustrious example, and attempt to destroy that inequality of condition which now prevails, revolutions would be no longer heard of, misery be banished from the earth, the temptations to vice would be done away, and the frivolous definitions of monarchies
and

* Shakespear.

and republics would excite no discussion; men would rejoice under those governments where they found liberty best protected.—In England, the sovereign has undoubtedly many virtues; no person, perhaps, has fewer vices: but *kings* should never neglect the opportunity of doing good. Negative praise is rarely beneficial; but active virtue is what the world, according to its present constitution, requires.

Princes are considered as Gods; they should at least act like men. What is the first duty of man? To relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, to prevent those horrible scenes of distress which hourly present themselves.

In England we all look up to the throne as the focus where every virtue is or ought to be centered; there we admire private œconomy, connubial fidelity, domestic accomplishments, and honourable punctuality! It were to be lamented, that an inattention to the calamities of the public, or even of private individuals, fallen within its knowledge, should obscure the lustre of those virtues.

Example and experience are two instructive monitors: the people are *led* by one, and princes should *profit* by the other.

The vices or virtues of the community depend on the governments under which they live. "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked are in power, the people mourn."

How incumbent, therefore, is it in princes to profit from experience, to inculcate good examples: in that case we should be no longer melancholy witnesses to the horrors that have been described; no longer that discord and dissension would prevail in society which threaten the very existence of the actual establishments! we should be all leagued in one bond of confraternity; and the author of these sheets, without having been condemned to weep over so many of her family, fallen in the wars of Britain, would have escaped those terrible stripes of misery which she, in her own person, has suffered.

May the representation of God on earth, in
these

these realms, yield to the voice of universal mercy ; and may *he*, amidst the general impulse, extend its rays to her, than whom none can have more forcible claims on the score of want, or on the merits of her worthy and loyal family !

December 7, 1793.

FINIS.

NOTES.

(1.) RICHARD MONTGOMERY was born at Convoy House, the seat of his father, Thomas Montgomery, near Raphoe, County Donegal, on the 22d of December, 1736. Before he was eighteen years old he obtained a commission in the British Army, and in 1757 commenced his career of active service in America, and at the siege of Louisburg, in 1758, and elsewhere, gave evidence of high military capacity. Several years after his return to Ireland he endeavored to secure his promotion to a majority; failing in this pursuit, he sold his commission, and in 1772 emigrated to America, renewed his former acquaintance with the family of Robert R. Livingston, and in August, 1773, married his eldest daughter Janet, the sister of Chancellor Livingston. He never intended to draw his sword again, and wished for retirement; but when the Revolutionary War broke out, he immediately engaged in it, and was appointed one of the Eighth Brigadier-Generals to serve in the newly-organized army of the United Colonies.

He was immediately attached to the larger of the two divisions sent to Canada in the summer of 1775, and early in September found himself in front of the fortress of St. Johns. Schuyler becoming ill, and having returned to Albany, Montgomery assumed the command of the division, and by a series of well-directed movements, successively acquired possession of Chambly, St. Johns and Montreal, and in November became the master of a great part of Canada. On the third of December, at Point Aux Trembles, he made a junction with Arnold, and about noon on the fifth Montgomery appeared before Quebec, to take the strongest fortified city in America, defended by more than 200 cannons and a garrison of twice the number of besiegers. Upon their arrival before the town, Montgomery wrote a letter to the Governor, magnifying his own strength, stating the weakness of the garrison, and demanding an immediate surrender to avoid the dreadful consequences of a storm; but Castleton refused to hold any communication with

him, and every effort at correspondence with the citizens failed. He therefore commenced a bombardment with five small mortars, which continued several days, but did no essential injury to the garrison. In a few days Montgomery opened a six-gun battery, at about seven hundred yards distance from the walls, but his metal was too light to produce any considerable effect.

In the meantime the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the severity of the climate was such that human nature seemed incapable of withstanding its force in the field. The hardships and fatigues which the American soldiers underwent, both from the season and the smallness of their numbers, seemed incredible, and could only be endured from their enthusiastic adherence to their cause, and through the affection or esteem which they bore to their General. This constancy must however fail, if the evils were increased, or too long continued. The time for which many of the soldiers had engaged was expiring, and Montgomery felt that something decisive must be immediately done, or that the benefit of his past successes would, in a great degree, be lost to the cause in which he was engaged, and his own renown, which now shone in great lustre, be dimmed, if not obscured. He knew the Americans would consider Quebec as taken from the instant that they heard of his arrival before it, and therefore determined upon a desperate attempt to take the place by escalade.

As the time for the assault drew near, three captains in Arnold's battalion created dissension, and showed a mutinous disaffection to the service. Montgomery addressed the officers, and his words recalled them to their duty, but hurried him into a resolution to attempt capturing Quebec before the first of January, when his legal authority over the most of his men would cease.

A council of war was held on Christmas, and agreed to a night attack on the lower town. While he was making the necessary preparations for this purpose, it is said that the garrison received intelligence of it from some deserters, so that every preparation was made against a surprise. Early in the morning of the last day of the year, and under cover of a violent snow storm, he proceeded to this arduous attempt, and that the troops might recognize one another, each soldier wore in his cap a piece of white paper, on which some of them wrote "Liberty or death."

He had disposed of his little army in four divisions, of which two carried

on false attacks against the upper town, whilst himself and Arnold conducted two real against opposite parts of the lower. By this means the alarm was general, and might have disconcerted the most experienced troops. The General, who reserved for his own party less than three hundred Yorkers, led them, in Indian file, from head-quarters at Holland House to Wolfe's Cave, and then about two miles further along the shore. The path was so rough in several places that they were obliged to scramble up slant rocks covered with snow, and then, with a precipice to their right, to descend by sliding down fifteen or twenty feet.

The signal for engaging had been given more than half an hour too soon; the General, however, pressed on, seized and passed the first barrier, and accompanied by a few of his bravest officers and men, marched boldly at the head of their detachment to attack the second.

This barrier was stronger than the first, and defended by a battery of three-pounders loaded with grape. Montgomery pressed forward at double quick to carry the battery. As he appeared on a little rising in the ground, at a distance of fifty yards or less from the mouths of the cannon, Barnsford discharged them with deadly aim.

Montgomery, his aid Macpherson, Cheefman, and ten others, instantly fell dead—Montgomery from three wounds. With him the soul of the expedition fled. The command devolved upon Donald Campbell, who immediately retired without any further effort, and without loss.

Thus fell Richard Montgomery. The excellency of his qualities and disposition had procured him an uncommon share of private affection, as his abilities had of public esteem; and there was probably no man engaged on the same side, and few on either, whose loss would have been so much regretted in America and England.

At the news of his death, every person seemed to have lost his nearest relative or friend. Congress proclaimed for him "their grateful remembrance, profound respect, and high veneration; and desiring to transmit to future ages a truly worthy example of patriotic conduct, boldness of enterprise, insuperable perseverance, and contempt of danger and death," they reared a marble monument "to the glory of Richard Montgomery." The most powerful speakers in the British Parliament displayed their eloquence in praising his

virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator and veteran fellow foldier of his in the late war, shed abundance of tears, whilst he expatiated on their fast friendship and participation of service in that season of enterprize and glory.

In 1818 his remains were disinterred and conveyed to New York, and deposited in St. Paul's Church, near the monument erected to his memory. His widow survived him more than half a century.

(2.) JANE MCCREA was murdered on the 27th June, 1777, by a party of Indians attached to Gen. Burgoyne's army. She was seized in the house of a Mrs. McNiel, about 80 rods north of Fort Edward. The Indians placed her upon a horse, which seems to have been provided for the occasion, and ascended the hill near the Fort. All their motions were intently watched from the Fort, and at this point the discharge of some rifles was heard, and Jane was seen to fall from her horse. The operation of the tomahawk and scalping knife was quickly performed, and the body soon dragged forward out of sight of the Fort. This scene was enacted about mid-day, and the next morning the body of Jane was recovered and buried in a rude and hasty grave.

At the time of her death she was about twenty-three years of age, of middling stature, finely formed, dark hair, and uncommonly beautiful.

(3.) WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, fifth child of Philip and Catharine Livingston, was born in Albany, in the province of New York, in November, 1723, and was entered a Freshman in Yale College in 1737. In 1741 he graduated at the head of his class, immediately after which he left New Haven for New York to commence the study of the law.

On the 14th October, 1748, he received a license to practice signed by Governor George Clinton.

In 1752, with Wm. Smith, Jr., he published the first digest of the Colony Laws. In 1754, with his brother Philip and his brother-in-law William Alexander, afterwards Lord Stirling, he laid the foundation of a City Library, the same that now bears the name of the Society Library of New York. In 1759 he was elected to the Assembly of New York, and in 1772 removed to

Elizabethtown, in New Jersey. He was elected to Congress in 1774, and again in 1775, was recalled in June, 1776, and early in June of that year took command of the Militia, at Elizabethtown, as Brigadier-General.

After the deposition of William Franklin (son of Benjamin Franklin), he was elected Governor of New Jersey, and remained in office until the close of his life.

He died in Elizabethtown, July 25, 1790, and was interred there, and in course of the following winter his remains, together with those of his wife, were removed to the vault of his son Brockholft, in New York.

(4.) ISRAEL PUTNAM was born in Salem, Mass., on the 7th of January, 1718, and grew to manhood with a frame inured to hardship and toil, but with a mind uncultivated, though vigorous. At the age of twenty-one he commenced farming, at Pomfret, Conn., where he "pursued the even tenor of his way," undisturbed by any noticeable event (except the encounter with the "she wolf," which, in the course of years, has been so grossly exaggerated by his biographers, as to place it almost among the fabulous events of history), until 1755, when he engaged in the French and Indian War, as captain of a company in Col. Lyman's Regiment of Provincials. During the campaign under Gen. Johnson at Lake George and vicinity, he performed various scouting service, with little success or credit to himself. It was during this campaign that several of the stirring adventures occurred upon which his wonderful reputation for bravery has been mainly erected—such as that of his blanket having been perforated by *fourteen* bullets, while he was giving "leg bail" to a party of Indians who had surprised him, etc. But the one adventure, which is best authenticated, is the fact of his having been captured (through his own carelessness and imprudence) by the Indians, who would have succeeded in roasting him at the stake, had it not been for the interference of a French officer; and being finally taken to Montreal, he was exchanged through the kind interest of Col. Peter Schuyler, who was his fellow prisoner. After the close of this war, Putnam returned to Pomfret, where he exercised the double vocation of farmer and tavern-keeper. When, however, "the news from Lexington" reached Pomfret, Lieut.-Colonel Putnam (he had received a militia commission in October, 1774) was ploughing; it

is said, that he immediately left his oxen in the furrow, mounted his horse, and rode off to Cambridge, and with equal promptness many other New England farmers sprang to arms upon that eventful day. He was soon made Colonel of the Third Regiment of Connecticut soldiers, with the rank of Second Brigadier of the Provincial Troops. In the affair of Noddle's Island, (May 27, 1775,) Putnam seems to have gained more credit than the facts of history warrant, and through the influence thus acquired, received the appointment (in June, 1775) of Major-General in the Continental Army, much to the chagrin of Washington, and other prominent Massachusetts and Connecticut officers. At the battle of Bunker Hill he was present; but, although his biographers have made this the culminating point of their glorification of him, the calm, impassioned searchings of history fail to award him the credit of doing anything more, on that eventful day, than keeping well out of the way of harm. He afterwards took the command of New York, until superseded by Washington's personal presence in that city, which placed him virtually without command. Unfortunately, however, the illness of Gen. Greene induced Washington to allow Putnam to take his command in the superintendence of the defences which were then in course of erection upon Long Island. But Putnam had neither the subordination to obey the orders with whose execution he was intrusted, the skill to carry out the proposed plans of defence, or the ordinary common sense which he might reasonably have been expected to display in the face of an approaching enemy, for he neglected his instructions, undid, in part, what his able predecessor had done, and so carelessly defended the most important avenue of approach, that he was easily flanked, the whole army soundly whipped, and New York lost to the patriot cause. After the retreat into Westchester, he was ordered to Philadelphia, where, and at Princeton, he remained until the spring of 1777. Then he was ordered to the command of the Hudson Highlands, where his ignorance or habitual carelessness led him—again in direct violation of Washington's orders—to repeat the very blunders which he had committed on Long Island, and which enabled Sir Henry Clinton, by the capture of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, to seize the key-position of the Highlands. In November, 1777, Col. Hamilton was sent by Washington with special orders to Gen. Putnam, to send several brigades in his command to the army then in

Pennsylvania. Gen. Putnam, however, was just then too intent on a plan of his own for capturing New York, to obey the orders of his chief, and only complied on the receipt of a scathing and determined letter from Washington himself. His delay in complying with orders caused the fall of Fort Mifflin, the loss of Red Bank, and the defences on the Delaware, and the continued occupation during the ensuing winter of Philadelphia by the British. The official investigation by Congress, of the causes of the fall of the forts in the Highlands, resulted in the supercedure of Putnam by Gen. McDougal, and he was afterwards sent to Connecticut to superintend the forwarding of new levies. During this term of service occurred another of the General's series of remarkable escapes, in which, being pursued by British troopers, the "well-trained and sagacious" horse which he rode, slid down the hill at Horse Neck, (now Greenwich,) bearing his master safely out of reach of the foe—an exploit, for which the horse has always got less, and the General more praise than they severally deserved—and which has furnished a favorite theme for school histories and artistical abortions. The command at West Point was the last which Putnam held. In 1779, an attack of paralysis rendered him incapable of any active service, and the remainder of his days were spent in quiet retirement, in Brooklyn, Conn., where he died May 29, 1790, at the age of 72 years. Putnam was a well-meaning man, of no great mental abilities, yet with a great deal of obstinacy and self-sufficiency in his composition. He was rough, hearty and pleasant in his intercourse with his soldiers and others, but was not a good disciplinarian. He was, in fact, a man whom adventitious circumstances, and a bogus reputation, had placed into a position which he lacked the education or the ability to maintain with honor to himself or benefit to the cause. That this was the opinion of Washington is sufficiently evident from the correspondence of that period, as well as from the fact that, after the battle of Bunker Hill, he was kept, as far as possible, in such subordinate commands as seemed best suited to his very ordinary abilities. Even there, however, his blunders resulted in serious disasters to the American arms; and happy it would have been for him if his fellow citizens of Connecticut, and his biographers, had not so lavishly extolled his ordinary and homely qualities which he possessed, and so magnificently embellished the adventures of his earlier life.

(5.) THOMAS MIFFLIN was born about the year 1744; his parents were Quakers, and his education was entrusted to the care of Dr. Smith, with whom he was connected in habits of cordial intimacy and friendship for more than forty years.

He engaged early in opposition to the measures of the British Parliament, and was a member of the first Congress in 1774.

He took up arms, and was among the first officers commissioned in the organization of the Continental Army, being appointed Quartermaster-General in August 1775. In 1777 he was very useful in animating the militia; but he was also suspected in this year of being unfriendly to Washington, and of wishing to have some other person in his place. In 1787 he was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. In 1778 he succeeded Benjamin Franklin as President of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania, and held that station till October, 1790. In September a constitution for this State was formed by a convention, in which he was president, and he was chosen the first Governor.

In 1794 he was succeeded by Mr. McKean, and at the close of 1799 died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(6.) GENERAL HENRY KNOX was born in Boston on the 25th of July, 1750. Before the American Revolution broke out he discovered an uncommon zeal in the cause of liberty. Being placed at the head of an independent company in Boston he exhibited in this station a skill in discipline which presaged his future eminence. At the unanimous request of all the officers of artillery he was entrusted with the command in that department. In 1776 it was determined to increase the corps of artillery to three regiments, the command of which was given to Knox, who was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was actively engaged during the whole contest, and after the capture of Cornwallis in 1781 he received the commission of Major-General, having distinguished himself in the siege at the head of the artillery. In 1785 he became Secretary-at-War, and continued to fill the department till the close of 1794, when he resigned it, the natural and powerful claims of a numerous family no longer permitting him to neglect their essential interests. During the last years of his life he

resided in Thomaston, in the State of Maine. He failed in 1798, and it is said for a very large amount, and that General Lincoln and Colonel Jackson were sufferers by his failure. His death, which took place Oct. 25, 1806, was occasioned by his swallowing the bone of a chicken. He was distinguished for his military talents, and possessed, in an uncommon degree, the esteem and confidence of Washington.

(7.) SIR WILLIAM HOWE, brother of Richard, Earl Howe, was born August 10, 1729; he commanded the light infantry, under Wolfe, in the battle on the Heights of Abraham in 1759. He landed in Boston in May, 1775, as successor to General Gage, and continued there until March, 1776, having assured the Ministry that he was not under the least apprehension of any attack from the Rebels. The King expected that after wintering in Boston he would, in May, or in the first week in June, sail for New York.

General Washington, however, on the night of March 4, 1776, took possession of, and fortified Dorchester Heights, and on the morning of the 5th, the British beheld, with astonishment and dismay, the forts which had sprung up in a night, and Howe found himself surpassed in military skill by officers whom he pretended to despise. A council of war was called, and it was determined to attack the Americans; 2,400 men were detailed and placed under command of Lord Percy to make the attack. A violent storm came up from the South, two or three vessels were driven ashore; the rain fell in torrents on the 6th. The movement against the Americans was further delayed till it became evident that the attempt must end in the ruin of the British army. Howe called a second council of war, and the instant evacuation of the town was advised.

On the 15th General Washington gained possession of Nook Hill, and with it the power of opening the highway from Roxbury to Boston.

The British retreated precipitately, and the army, about 8,000 in number, and more than 1,100 refugees, began their embarkation at four in the morning, and in less than six hours they were all aboard 120 transports.

Howe was among the last to leave the town, and took passage with the Admiral in the Chatham; before ten they were under way.

Howe retired to Halifax; left there in June, then took possession of

Staten Island, where he was joined by Lord Howe. On the 27th August, 1776, he defeated the Americans on Long Island, and on the 13th of September, 1776, took possession of the City of New York and was one of the commissioners to offer peace. In July, 1777, he failed for the Chesapeake, entered Philadelphia on the 27th of September, and on the 4th of October, in the same year, defeated the Americans at Germantown. In May, 1778, he was succeeded by Sir Henry Clinton, and soon afterwards returned to England. He died July 12, 1814.

(8.) MAJOR MONTRESSOR was General Gage's chief engineer in Boston, and also served at the Siege of Charleston.

(9.) HUGH, EARL PERCY (son of Hugh Smithson, Earl of Percy and Duke of Northumberland), was born in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, August 14, 1742, and came to America as Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Foot, arriving at Boston on the 4th of July, 1774. He served under Sir William Howe during the Siege of Boston; bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, and in the attack on Fort Washington in November of the same year.

On the 5th May, 1777, he failed for England, and on the 20th November, same year, took his seat in the House of Lords—being at the time a lieutenant-general in the army. He died in London on the 10th of July, 1817, aged 94 years.

(9.*) COLONEL SMALL was a distinguished British officer, and his conduct in America was always equally distinguished by acts of humanity and kindness to his enemies, as by bravery and fidelity to the cause he served. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill; had been intimately acquainted with General Warren; saw him fall, and flew to save him. In Colonel Trumbull's celebrated picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Small is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend.

Garden, in his "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War," says: "Paying a visit to our ambassador, Major Thomas Pinckney, shortly after his establishment in London, it was my good fortune to meet with Colonel Small, who,

in course of conversation, said, 'I have been fitting this morning to Colonel Trumbull for my portrait, he having done me the honor to place me in a very conspicuous situation in his admirable representation of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. But his politeness far exceeds my claim to merit. He has exhibited me as turning aside the bayonet aimed by a grenadier at the breast of General Warren. I would certainly have saved his life had it been in my power to do so, but when I reached the spot on which his body lay the spark of life was already extinguished. It would have been a tribute due to his virtues and to his gallantry, and to me a sacred duty, since I am well apprized that, when at a particular period of the action I was left alone, and exposed to the fire of the whole American line, my old friend Putnam saved my life by calling aloud, 'Kill as many as you can, but spare Small;' and that he actually turned aside muskets that were aimed for my destruction.' "

(10.) CHARLES, EARL CORNWALLIS.—The family of Cornwallys or Cornwaleys, (for the name appears to have been spelt either way,) was of some importance in Ireland in early times, and in 1561 Irish deeds of the family were in existence in the county of Suffolk, dated in the reign of Edward III. A younger son, Thomas, was sheriff of the City of London in 1378.

Charles, fifth Lord, was Chief Justice in Eyre, south of Trent, and afterwards Constable of the Tower. He married in 1722 Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, brother-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole. He was made Earl Cornwallis and Viscount Brome, June 30, 1753; and died June 23, 1762, having had four sons and five daughters, of whom three sons and three daughters survived him.

His sixth child, but eldest son, Viscount Brome (afterwards Lord Cornwallis), and the subject of this note, was born in Grosvenor Square, December 31, 1738. Lord Brome went at an early age to Eton. The exact year has not been ascertained, but in an old Eton school list, of August 26, 1754, his name stands fourth among the sixth form Oppidans.

During his Eton career, he received, while playing at hockey, a blow on the eye, which produced a slight, but permanent, obliquity of vision. The boy who accidentally caused this injury was Shute Barrington, afterwards the highly esteemed Bishop of Durham.

Before he attained the age of eighteen years, Lord Brome had chosen the army as his profession—in 1758 he became aid-de-camp to Lord Granby, in 1759 captain in 85th foot, and in 1775 major-general.

He was opposed to the scheme of taxing the American Colonies, and uniformly voted against it, notwithstanding the offices he held. He was also present on almost every other question connected with America, such as the Massachusetts bill, the Boston Port bill, &c.; against these he probably divided, but as no lists have been preserved, individual votes cannot be positively ascertained.

When the war with America broke out, Lord Cornwallis was ordered to America, to take command of one division of the British Army, and notwithstanding his opinion of the injustice of that war, he considered that as a military man, he could not decline any employment offered to him. He embarked Feb. 10, 1776, for America, with the local rank of major-general.

His wife, who is said to have been a beautiful woman, was strongly adverse to his going on active service, and obtained leave from the king for him to relinquish his appointment—he peremptorily refused to avail himself of the permission. He returned to England in January, 1778, but failed again from St. Helens, in the Trident, on the 21st of April following. Lady Cornwallis became very dangerously sick, and Lord Cornwallis threw up his command and again returned to England. Lady Cornwallis died Feb. 14, 1779, and Lord Cornwallis again offered his services, which being accepted, he returned to America. Lord Cornwallis served actively and with distinction under Generals Howe and Clinton, in the campaign of 1776–9, in New York and the Southern States, and in 1780 was left in command of South Carolina. In the Spring of 1781 he invaded Virginia, where he obtained no decided success. Having received orders from Sir Henry Clinton to embark part of his force for New York, he moved to Portsmouth, but there received fresh instructions, under which he was ordered to Williamsburgh, and directed to make Point Comfort his place of arms. Finding Point Comfort ill-suited for his purpose, he removed to Yorktown, and there intrenched himself. He was there besieged by the French and American forces, assisted by the French fleet under De Grasse, and finally, after an obstinate defence, was, on the 19th of October, 1781, forced to surrender himself and his troops as prisoners of war.

His capture was a death-blow to the British cause. Cornwallis escaped censure, owing perhaps to his favor with the King.

In 1786, he was made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bengal, returned to England in 1793, was received with distinguished honors, and in 1798 was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which post he held until 1801.

Towards the close of that year he was sent as ambassador to France, where he negotiated the Peace of Amiens.

In 1805 he was again appointed Governor-General of India, and though advancing age and impaired health might well have excused him, he would not refuse the appointment, but embarked early in the year. Very shortly after his arrival in India, he set out for the Upper Provinces, where his presence was greatly needed, but he was unable to proceed further than Ghazipoor, where he died Oct. 5, 1805, in the 67th year of his age. During many years of active service in the field, he was struck but once, and he would not then allow his name to appear in the list of wounded. His character as a soldier and statesman was highly respectable, but he was more distinguished by diligence, humanity and integrity than by the higher mental powers.

(11.) The Battle of Brooklyn, fought on the 27th of August, 1776, forms an important landmark in the history of our Revolutionary struggle. After the evacuation of Boston by the British, in March 1776, Gen. Washington took immediate measures to anticipate what he shrewdly suspected would be their next attempt, viz., the occupation of the City of New York. Gen. Lee was therefore sent to that city with a large number of Connecticut troops—fortifications were speedily in progress, the passages to the city by North and East Rivers were properly defended by entrenchments, chains, sunken vessels, &c., while across the western end of Long Island was thrown a strong line of entrenched works, extending from the Wallabout to Gowanus Creek. In addition to these defences, Gen. Greene, who, with the assistance of Gen. Sullivan had superintended the erection of these works, had faithfully guarded the passes which led to Brooklyn through the surrounding hills, while near the Bedford, Flatbush and Yellow Hook defiles, breastworks had been thrown up, and mounted patrols established upon the roads. Unfortunately, at the critical moment Gen. Greene was taken sick, and Gen. Putnam

was sent over to take command, and one of his first acts—in violation of the express orders of Washington—was to withdraw the mounted patrols. On the 22d of August, the British army crossed over from Staten Island, and landing in Gravesend Bay, spread its line along the eastern base of the hills to Flatbush, in which situation it remained for several days, content with simply occupying the attention of the Americans, and indulging in occasional desultory skirmishes with their patrols. But, on the 26th, one column, under Lieut.-Gen. De Heister, moved to Flatbush, and the same evening Gen. Cornwallis advanced his division to Flatlands, while at a still later hour Sir Henry Clinton, with the right of the army, in conjunction with Cornwallis' division, moved towards the Bedford pass, to turn the left of the American lines on the heights between Bedford and Flatbush. While this flank movement was being executed, Gen. Grant, in command of the British left wing, moved up the western road from the Narrows to Brooklyn; and about midnight, falling in with the American pickets, was soon (by Putnam's order) confronted by Lord Stirling with 1,500 men, whom he continued to press slowly back—merely, however, as a feint to distract attention from Clinton's movement on the American left. About 2 A. M. of the 27th, Clinton having approached the Bedford pass, and finding, to his surprise, that it was unoccupied, promptly seized it—and having thus gained the position of the impending contest without a struggle, coolly sat down to rest and feed his troops. De Heister, who had been left at Flatbush, commenced about day-break to blind the American commander by a brisk cannonade—until hearing the concerted signal-guns of Clinton, announcing that the Bedford pass was secured—he immediately pressed his division forward upon Sullivan's lines, and after a desperate and sanguinary struggle, captured him and routed his command. Clinton meanwhile, after breakfast, moved forward to Bedford, and then detaching Cornwallis to co-operate with Grant in his movements on the Bay road, himself pushed on towards the Flatbush road where Sullivan and De Heister were contending. Meanwhile Stirling—stubbornly resisting the advance of Grant—found himself suddenly attacked in rear by Cornwallis, and at the same moment vigorously pushed by Grant in front. He made good fight, however, and so well that Cornwallis was about to retire, when De Heister, fresh from Sullivan's defeat, came to the rescue, and to him Stirling was obliged to

surrender. This battle, or rather this series of skirmishes, was thus concluded in favor of the British arms; and the victorious army encamped in front of the American works in the evening, preparatory to attacking them by regular approaches, and with the aid of the fleet. The American army engaged in this battle numbered about 5,000, while that of the British was at least three times larger. The British loss was comparatively trifling, and that of the Americans, in killed, wounded and prisoners, is estimated at from 1,100 to 1,200; mostly, however, in prisoners. The result is attributable mainly to the great extent of the American lines, to the garrisoning of which the force of the American army was manifestly insufficient; but most of all to the fatal stupidity and want of ordinary military skill evinced by Gen. Putnam in the guarding and protection of the several passes of approach to Brooklyn.

(12.) The Hessians were German soldiers, hired by Great Britain in the early part of the year 1776, of their masters, the petty German princes, at so much per man. The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel furnished 12,104; the Duke of Brunswick, 4,084; the Prince of Hesse, 668; and the Prince of Waldeck, 670; being a total of 17,526 men, including officers. These princes received thirty-six dollars apiece for their men, to which was added a considerable subsidy—costing Great Britain in all the handsome sum of \$775,000. The greater portion of these mercenaries, as will be seen, were furnished from Hesse, from which was derived the name of Hessian, applied indiscriminately to all the German auxiliaries employed by Great Britain during the Revolutionary War. They arrived in America just before the Battle of Long Island, and were received with open arms by the British troops, men and officers vying with each other in their attentions to their new allies. In the Battle of Long Island they took a most important part, and after that struggle, during the seven years' British occupation of Long Island, the permanent garrisons at Brooklyn and other Kings County towns were composed of these Hessians. Many of them were captured at Trenton, in 1776, and their officers paroled. A large body of the Hessians was captured with Gen. Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, marched as prisoners of war to Cambridge, where they were treated with kindness by the inhabitants, and were finally quartered in the quiet town

of East now South Windfor, six miles above Hartford, on the Connecticut River, at which place they remained for a long time. Some of the Hessians were also engaged at the battles of Bennington, and the attacks on Forts Mercer and Mifflin in 1777, and the affair at Guilford in 1781.

The Hessian uniform, as described by Dunlap, was as follows: "A towering brass-fronted cap; moustaches colored with the same material that colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and tightly drawn into a long appendage reaching from the back of the head to his waist; his blue uniform almost covered by the broad belts sustaining his cartouch box, his brass-hilted sword, and bayonet; a yellow waistcoat with flaps, and yellow breeches were met at the knee by black gaiters; and thus heavily equipped, he stood an automaton, and received the command or cane of the officer who inspected him."

These men came here to fight against our fathers under the influence of that kind of unquestioning loyalty to their chiefs which led them to make their prince's foreign quarrel their own domestic concern, and his shrewd policy their own plain interest. It is true that our ancestors—and their descendants, have, with an excusable warmth of feeling, attributed the meanest mercenary motives and the most savage cruelty to these foreign auxiliaries of their British foe. Yet the "blinde Hefs," even now not famed for insight, as this his standing title shows, must then have thought it the height of sentimental absurdity that his fidelity to the sovereign who, in profound king-craft, had by solemn treaty sold him to Great Britain, should be imputed to him as the baseness of a hireling. With no innate perceptions of the advantages of self-government and democratic principles, it cannot be a matter of surprise to us that he felt no sympathy with a people who were already enjoying more freedom than he had ever seen enjoyed by any people or nation in Europe, and who were struggling for still greater privileges, of which he could not understand the necessity. Much of the harshness of his conduct must be viewed from this standpoint of previous training and circumstances, and from the difference of language, education, &c., naturally existing between a European and an American soldier.

(13.) JOHN COGHLAN was the son of a London merchant of great wealth,

and in youth his prospects were without a single cloud. He entered the Navy and sailed round the world with the celebrated Captain Cook. Disliking the sea, his thoughts turned successively to the Bar and Church, but finally he procured a commission in the Army. He served several campaigns in America, and on the 28th of February, 1777, was married to Miss Margaret Moncrieffe by the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, Rector of Trinity Church. This connection, as he averred, proved as miserable to him as it did to her. After the peace of 1783, he served in the Russian Army, but domestic disappointment preyed upon his mind, and he became dissipated.

He returned to England, and his extravagance involved him in ruin.

Finally, utterly wretched and an outcast, he became an inmate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died in 1807, in his fifty-fourth year, and in the most abject and pitiable condition.

His relatives in England and Wales were very respectable, and his body was retained in the dead-house eight days, in the hope that he would be claimed and decently interred. The charity of a stranger furnished a covering for his remains, and they were deposited in the burial-ground of the hospital.

It is said that Captain Coghlan was among the handsomest men of his time, that he was social and convivial, and in his charities, when in possession of money, liberal to a fault.

(14.) SIR WILLIAM TRYON was appointed Governor of the Colony of New York in 1771. The Province House which he occupied was burned by the carelessness of servants, and his wife and daughter narrowly escaped death. The Colony voted him five thousand pounds, and the British Government added a liberal sum for his losses. The spirit of the man while at the head of affairs in New York, may be fully illustrated by a single circumstance: "I should," said he in 1777, "were I in authority, burn down every Committee-man's house within my reach, as I deem those agents the wicked instruments of the continued calamities of this country; and in order sooner to purge the country of them I am willing to give twenty-five dollars for every acting Committee-man who shall be delivered up to the King's troops." His property, both in North Carolina and New York, was confiscated. In 1780, he was succeeded by General Robertson, a general in the Army, who was the last

Royal Governor of New York. Tryon died in London in 1788, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

(15.) SAMUEL AUCHMUTY, D. D., was the son of Robert Auchmuty, an eminent lawyer and Judge of Admiralty in Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard University in 1742, and received his Doctorate of Divinity from Oxford. In 1754 he was employed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts as catechist to the negroes in New York. On the 28th of August, 1764, he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Henry Barclay as Rector of Trinity Church. Upon the departure of General Howe from Boston to Halifax, and the taking possession of New York by the Revolutionary Army, most of the inhabitants removed into the country. Dr. Auchmuty being much indisposed through the spring and summer, retired with his family to Brunswick in New Jersey. During his absence, Trinity Church and the Rector's house, with nearly one thousand other buildings, were destroyed by fire, and Dr. Auchmuty's loss amounted to over £2,500 sterling. He died in 1777, having been in the ministry over thirty years. His sermons before the breaking out of the war were strongly denunciatory of the Sons of Liberty, as the associated patriots were called, the most prominent of whom in New York was Isaac Sears (commonly known as King Sears), who was a member of his Church, and at the close of the war a vestryman.

In April, 1775, Doctor Auchmuty wrote from New York to Captain Montresor: "We have lately been plagued with a rascally Whig mob here, but they have effected nothing, only Sears the King was rescued at the jail door. Our magistrates have not the spirit of a house."

(16.) THOMAS GAGE was the first military and the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts. In 1770 he was a Lieutenant-General, and resided in New York, in a large house surrounded with elegant gardens on the site now occupied by the stores sixty-seven and sixty-nine Broad street. In 1774 he removed to Boston, and arrived there on the 13th of May, not many days after the intelligence was received of the act shutting up its harbor, and whilst the inhabitants assembled at a town meeting were yet deliberating on the melancholy prospect before them. Notwithstanding the deep and solemn gloom of

the moment, he was received with the external marks of decent respect which had been usual and which were supposed to belong to his station. Soon after Gage's arrival, two regiments of foot, with a small detachment of artillery and some cannon, were landed at Boston, and encamped on the Common; and they had been gradually reinforced by several regiments from Ireland, New York, Halifax and Quebec. The arrival and station of these troops excited the jealousy of the inhabitants of Boston and of the circumjacent counties. Their jealousy was increased by the stationing of a British guard on Boston Neck, and perseverance in repairing and manning the fortifications at the entrance of the town. On the first of September, Gage sent two companies and took possession of the powder in the arsenal at Charlestown. What was lodged in the magazine in Boston was also withholden from the legal proprietors. Detachments were also sent out to take possession of the stores in Salem and Concord; and the battle of Lexington became the signal of war. In May 1775, the Provincial Congress declared "that Gen. Gage has, by the late transactions and many other means, utterly disqualified himself from serving this Colony as a Governor, or in any other capacity, and that therefore no obedience is in future due to him; but that, on the contrary, he ought to be considered and guarded against as an unnatural and inveterate enemy to the country." From this time the exercise of his functions was confined to Boston. In June he issued a proclamation offering pardon to all the rebels excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and ordered the use of the martial law. But the battle of Bunker Hill a few days afterwards proved to him that he had mistaken the character of the Americans.

In October he embarked for England, was succeeded in the command by Sir William Howe, and died in April 1787.

(17.) MRS. GAGE, the wife of Thomas Gage above mentioned, was the daughter of Peter Kemble, President of the Council of New Jersey. She died in England in 1824, in the 91st year of her age.

(18.) MAJOR MONCRIEFFE, the father of Mrs. Coghlan, was the uncle of General Richard Montgomery, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Jay and Governor Livingston, and when the American Revolution broke out, it was supposed that he would espouse the cause of the Americans. He adhered to the Crown.

In 1778 he resided at Flatbush on Long Island, and was captured by William Marriner, of Brunswick, and carried to New Jersey and delivered up to General Washington. He was afterwards exchanged, and in the war at the South performed most valuable services to the Royal cause. In the saving of Savannah the British forces owed much to his skill and ability, and were unanimous in their acknowledgments of his services, while the French officers declared that his works and batteries sprung up every night like champignons. General Prevost, in an official dispatch, thus wrote: "I would mention Captain Moncrieffe, commanding engineer, but sincerely sensible that all I can express will fall greatly short of what that gentleman deserves, not only on this but on all other occasions, I shall only, in the most earnest manner, request your Lordship taking him into your protection and patronage, to recommend him to his Majesty as an officer of long service and most singular merit, assuring you, my Lord, from my own positive knowledge, that there is not one officer or soldier in this little army, capable of reflecting or judging, who will not regard as personal to himself any mark of Royal favour graciously conferred through your Lordship upon Captain Moncrieffe."

Moncrieffe planned the works at Charleston in the siege of 1780, and no language can express more forcibly than that of the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Henry Clinton) the sense which he entertained of his very extraordinary merit. These are his words: "But to Major Moncrieffe the commanding engineer, who planned, and with the assistance of such capable officers under him, conducted the siege with so much judgment, intrepidity and laborious attention, I wish to render a tribute of the very highest applause and most permanent gratitude; persuaded that far more flattering commendations than I can bestow will not fail to crown such rare merit." Major Moncrieffe was not more happy in the possession of superior talents than fortunate in occasions to display them. The successive sieges of Savannah and Charleston furnished him with opportunities of exemplifying his skill in the two principal branches of his profession—the art of defence and that of attack. In both, his masterly designs were crowned with success; nor is it easy to determine in which of these, his great attainments in his profession, shone with brightest lustre.

But at the evacuation of Charleston he seems to have been guilty of an act

which greatly tarnished his military reputation. According to Ramsay, upwards of eight hundred slaves, who had been employed by Moncrieffe, as engineer, were shipped off to the West Indies, as was said and believed, by his direction, and for his personal benefit. The unqualified testimonials which he received from General Prevost and Sir Henry Clinton were not without results, since he received a very generous donation from his Royal Master, and on the 27th of September, 1780, was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mrs. Coghlan says that her father died in the city of New York, on the tenth of December, 1791, but in the "New York Journal and Patriotic Register," No. 2,619, of Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1791, we find the following notice of his death and funeral :

"Thomas Moncrieffe, late Major in the British service, died on Friday, December 6, 1791, suddenly, by the bursting of a blood vessel, and on Sunday evening following his remains were interred in Trinity Church Yard, attended by a great number of respectable citizens."

As Mrs. Coghlan was in England at the time of her father's decease, it is most likely that the account of his death and funeral in the paper above mentioned is the most reliable.

(19.) LORD JEFFEREY AMHERST, son of Jefferey Amherst of Riverhead, in Kent, was born January 29, 1717—received his ensign's commission in 1731.

In 1758, was sent to America as Major-General of the troops destined for the siege of Louisburg. He contributed materially to the reduction of Canada, received the thanks of the House of Commons, and was made Knight of Bath, and soon after was appointed Commander-in-Chief in America.

He returned to England after the peace in 1763, where he received the Governorship of Virginia. A misunderstanding with the King (George III.) was the cause of his sudden dismissal from the Army, but in a few months he was reinstated.

In 1776, he was created Baron Amherst of Holmesdale in the County of Kent. In 1787 he received a second patent of nobility, with the title of Baron Amherst of Montreal in Canada.

On the 22d January, 1793, he was again appointed to the command of the Army, and held it until succeeded by the Duke of York, Feb. 10, 1795.

Lord Amherst died at his seat at Montreal, near Seven Oaks, Kent, on the 3d Aug., 1797, in the 81st year of his age.

(20.) CHARLES JAMES FOX, the third son of Right Hon. Henry Fox, was born January 24, 1749.

In 1774, he opposed Lord North's Boston Port Bill, the object of which was to deprive that harbour of its privileges, in consequence of the opposition by the inhabitants of Boston to the tea duty.

This was his first opposition to North, but he was afterwards unremitting in his opposition, and contended that the American Colonies ought not to be taxed without being represented.

On the 19th March, 1782, the Ministry resigned—Fox was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and immediately set about negotiating for peace with America.

He died Sept. 13th, 1806, in his 58th year. Sir James Mackintosh has said of him as an orator, "that he possessed above all moderns that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence which formed the prince of orators. He was "the most Demosthenean speaker since the days of Demosthenes." His speeches always display in a pre-eminent degree a sense of the importance of principles.

Fox's speeches were collected and published in six volumes, with a short biographical introduction by Lord Erskine, in 1825.

(21.) RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, in 1751. He was placed in a school in Dublin when seven years old, and was regarded by his preceptor, Samuel Whyte, "as a most impenetrable dunce." In 1762 he was sent to Harrow, where he remained until his 18th year, and during the time which he remained there was considered a shrewd, artful and supercilious boy, without any shining accomplishments or superior learning. Thence he went to Bath, became acquainted with Miss Linley, a young and beautiful singer, and to save her from the persecutions of a libertine named Mathews, he fled with her early in 1772 to France, and a marriage at a village in the neighborhood of Calais was the consequence. The result was two duels with Mathews, growing out of the studied insults of the latter, in the last of which Sheridan was wounded.

In 1773 he entered the Middle Temple as a student of law, but was not called to the Bar.

On the 17th January, 1775, "The Rivals" was brought out in Covent Garden, and though it failed the first night, speedily became the universal favorite it has ever since remained. It was followed the same year by the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and the comic opera of "The Duenna." In 1776 he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane. In the following year he brought out "The School for Scandal," which placed him at the head of comic dramatists. In 1799 he wrote a monody on the death of Garrick, and the farce of "The Critic." In 1780 he was elected a member of Parliament from Stafford. For thirty-two years he pursued a splendid parliamentary career. One of his greatest efforts was his speech as manager, upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was thrice in office, for short periods, under the Rockingham Coalition and Whig administrations. His profuse habits involved him deeply in debt; the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre by fire contributed to his ruin; his failure to obtain a seat in parliament deprived him of protection from arrest; his person was more than once seized by the harpies of the law; and amidst difficulties fears and sorrows, this highly-gifted man sunk to the grave on Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816. On the following Saturday the funeral took place, his remains having been removed to the house of his friend, Peter Moore, in Great George Street, Westminster. From thence, at one o'clock, the procession moved on foot to the Abbey, where, in the only spot in Poet's Corner that remained unoccupied, the body was interred, and the following simple inscription marks its resting place:

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

BORN, 1751,

DIED, 7TH JULY, 1816.

This Marble is the Tribute of an Attached Friend,

PETER MOORE.

(22.) COLONEL MONCRIEFFE was killed in the fortie which the French Republicans made when hemmed up in Dunkirk by the Duke of York's army in 1793. The most authentic accounts of the time state the manner of his exit to be as follows: The uniform of the British Engineers was so like

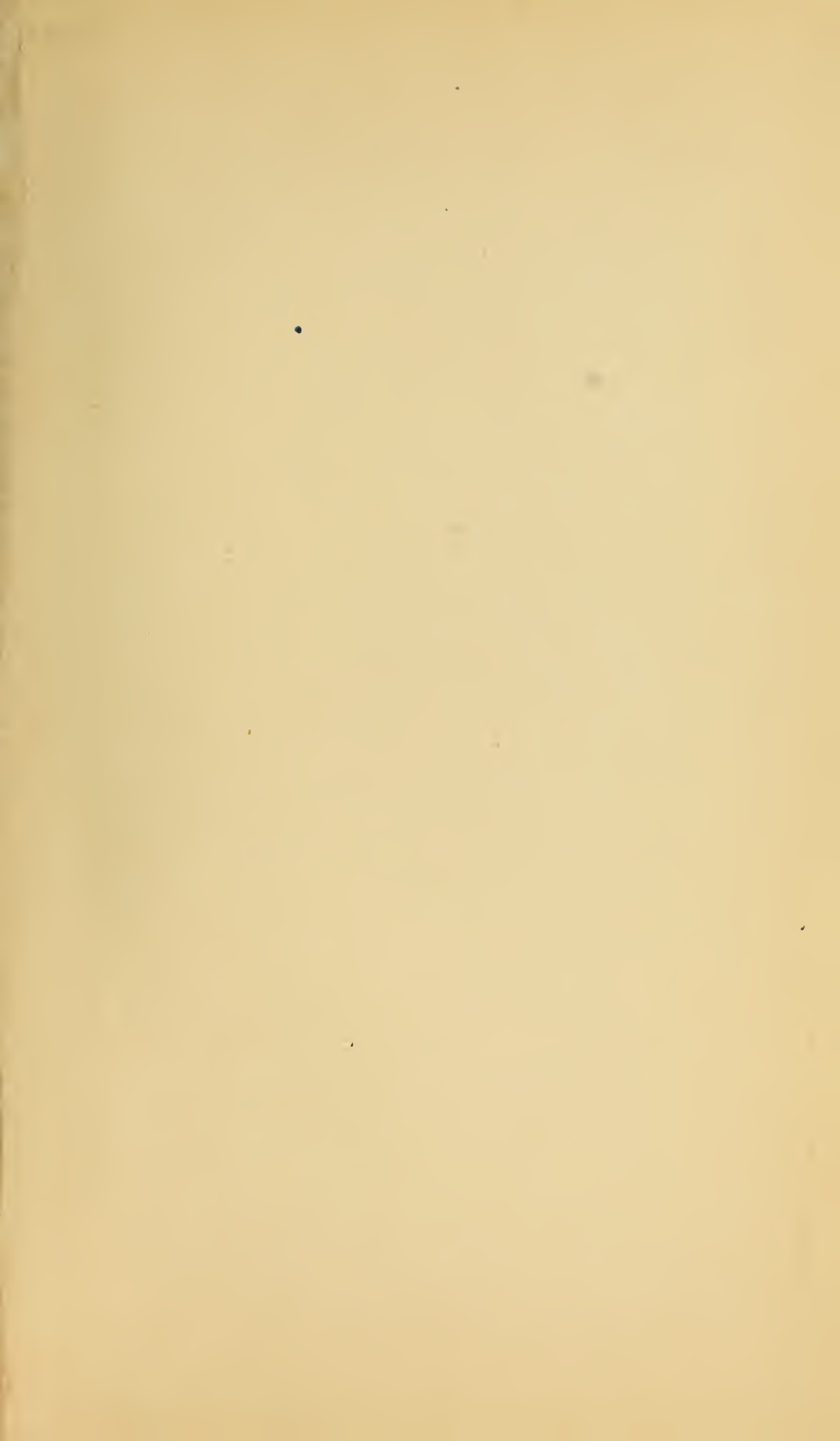
that of the French Republican Army in 1793, that the officers to enable their own men to distinguish them wore a white handkerchief tied round their arm. Colonel Moncrieffe, who had neglected this precaution, though frequently reminded of it, was taken for a French Democrat by the Austrians, in whose hands he was found by Colonel St. Leger and several officers of the guards, wounded and stript. It is generally believed that his death was occasioned by this mistake, for it is not certain that he fell by the fire of the enemy.

(23.) THOMAS ERSKINE, afterwards Lord Erskine, the youngest son of David Earl of Buchan, was born in 1748. He entered the Navy in 1764 as midshipman, but not thinking his prospects of promotion sufficiently good he accepted a commission in the Army.

In 1775 he commenced the study of the law, and in 1778 was called to the Bar. His practice and reputation increased so very rapidly that in 1783 he received a patent of precedence at the suggestion of Lord Mansfield who then presided in the Court of King's Bench. In the same year he entered Parliament. In the House of Commons his success was not great, though his speeches would appear to have been far above mediocrity. In the same year also he was made Attorney-General, an appointment which, in 1794, he was called upon to resign in consequence of his refusing to abandon the defence of Thomas Paine when he was prosecuted for his publication—"The Rights of Man." In 1802 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and in 1806 Lord Chancellor, and raised to the Peerage by the title of Baron Erskine of Ristormel Castle in Cornwall. He remained in office but a short time, and upon the dissolution of the Ministry in 1807 retired from public life. In his later years he was harassed by pecuniary embarrassments. His first wife died in 1805, and an ill-assorted second marriage increased his domestic disquietudes and injured his reputation. His later years were marked by eccentricities which seemed to indicate mental disease. He died November 17, 1823.

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